

THE COSMOPOLITAN

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.

VOL. XXII.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

No. 4.



*Drawn by
Frederic Remington.*

VAGABONDING WITH THE TENTH HORSE.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

WHEN once an order is published in the military way it closes debate, consequently, on the day set by order for the troops to take up their outward march from Fort Assiniboine it was raining; but that did not matter. The horses in front of the officers' club stood humped up in their middles, their tails were hauled down tight and the water ran off their sides in tiny rivulets. If horses could talk they would have said, D—the order, or at least I think they felt like their riders, and that is what they said.

It is not necessary to tell what we

did in the club at that early hour of the day; but Major Wint slapped his boot-leg with his quirt and proceeded toward the door, we following. Major Kelly, who was to stay behind to guard the women and children, made some disparaging remarks about my English "riding things"—called them "the queen's breeches"—but he is not a serious man, and moreover he is Irish.

Down at the corrals the trumpets were going and the major mounted his horse. Three troops and the band of the Tenth marched out of the post and lined up on

Copyright, 1897, by JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

the prairie. Down the front trotted the major to inspect, while the rain pattered and drained on the oil-skin "slickers" of the cavalymen. I rode slowly up behind the command, enjoying myself—it being such a delight for me when I see good horses and hardy men, divested of military fuss. The stately march of the Seventh New York, or Squadron A, when it is doing its prettiest, fills my eye; but it does not inflate my soul. Too deadly prosaic, or possibly I discount it; anyhow, the Tenth Cavalry never had a "soft detail" since it was organized, and it is full of old soldiers who know what it is all about, this soldiering. They presently went slipping and sliding into column, and with the wagons following the march begins.

"Did you forget the wash-basin, Carter?" asks one of our mess.

"Yes. D— modern invention! If this rain keeps up we won't need it," replies my host as he muffles up in his slicker, and, turning, says, "Sergeant, make that recruit sit up in his saddle—catch him lounging again make him pull mud."

"Man, sit up thar; yu ride laik yu wus in a box-car; be hittin de flat fust, yu reckon," reiterates the non-com.

And it rains, rains, rains, as mile after mile the little column goes bobby-bobby-bob up and down over the hills. But I like it. I am unable to say why, except that after I left school I did considerable of this bobby-bob over the great strange stretches of the high plains, and I have never found anything else so fascinating. The soldiers like it too, for while it is set, in its way, it is vagabonding nevertheless. I have often thought how fortunate it is that I am not secretary of war, because I should certainly burn or sell every barrack in the country and keep the soldiers under canvas and on the move.

The cavalymen wear great oil-skin coats which cover them from hat-rim to boot-sole, in the buying of which they imitate the cow-boys, a thing which is always good for cavalry to do. There are some Montana horses in the command, fierce, vicious brutes, which do a little circus as we pass along, making every one grin smoothly except the man on the circus horse. His sentences come out in chucks: "Dog-gone, yu black son," and

the horse strikes on his forefeet; "I'll break yu haid wid—" up goes the horse in front, the carbine comes out at the socket—"a rock." His hat goes off and his cup, canteen, bags and rope play a rataplan. He plugs the spur, up mounts the pony like the sweep of an angel's wing. Oh, it is good to look upon.

In the afternoon, far on ahead, we see the infantry tents with the cook-fires going. They had started the day before and were now comfortable. As the cavalry passed the "dough-boys" stood grinning cheerfully by their fires.

"Say, honey; is yu feet muddy?" sings out an ironical cavalryman to the infantry group; but the reply comes quick, "Oh, Mr. Jones, can I come up and see yu groom yu horse this evenin'?" A great guffaw goes up, while the mounted one shrugs up in his slicker and spurs along.

The picket lines go down, the wagons are unpacked, and the herds of horse go trotting off over the hill to browse and roll. Every man about camp has something to do. Here is where the first sergeant looms up, for he who can get the most jumps out of his men has the quickest and neatest camp. It takes more ability to be a good first sergeant than it does to run a staff corps. Each troop has its complement of recruits who have never been in camp before, and to them the old non-com. addresses himself as he strides about, overlooking things.

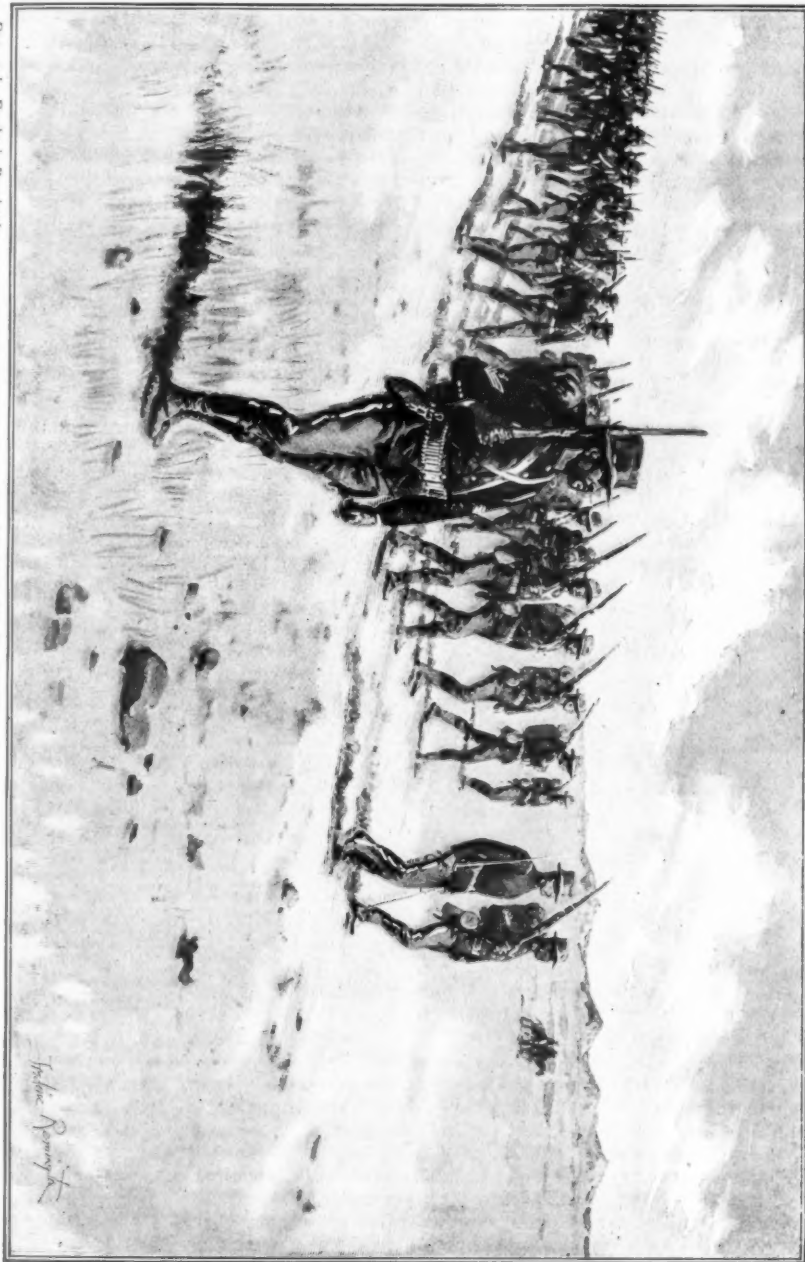
"You sergeants stand around here laik a lot come-latelies; get these men to doin' somethin'. Throw dat cigarette away. Take hold of this pin. Done yu talk back. I'll tak hold of yu in a minute, and if I do I'll spoil yu."

In the colored regiments these first sergeants are all old soldiers—thirty years and upward in the frontier service. What will be done to replace them when they expire is a question; or rather nothing will be done. Their like will never come again, because the arduous conditions which produced them can never re-occur, unless you let me be secretary of war and burn the barracks.

The tents being up we managed a very bad supper. We had suspected, but we did not know until now, that the officer who was appointed to run our mess was in love. "All the world loves a lover,"

Drawn by Frederic Remington.

THE "DOUGH-BOYS" ON THE MARCH.



but he was an exception. That night I did not sleep a wink, having drunk a quart cup of coffee—that kola-nut of the American soldier and the secret of the long marches he has made in his campaigns. I had made out to drowse a little toward morning, when a tender young Missouri mule began a shrill “haugh-ha, haugh-ha,” at the approach of the hour for half rations of grain, while presently the bugles split the dawn. Shortly an orderly came in and wanted to know if he could do up my bedding. Before having fairly gotten my boots on, the tent was pulled down over my head, and there I sat in an ocean of frosty grass bounded on one side by mountains covered with snow. Across the horizon was a streak of light, before which stood my tent-mates humped in their “slickers” and stamping from one foot to another as they talked.

“How are you this fine morning, you old citizen?” asks my host.

“If I wasn’t a d— fool I’d be miserable, thank you.”

The horses are released from the picket lines and go thundering off over the hills, kicking and neighing, glad to get the frost out of their muscles. A herder tries to mount his excited horse bareback; it plunges, rears and falls backward, spilling the man, and before he recovers the horse has got away.

“Huh!” says a soldier pulling tent-pegs near me; “dats de old Cæsar horse; I knows him. ’Pears laik he knows a recruit when he sees one.”

“What have you got for breakfast?” I ask of the lover.

“Crackers and canned tomatoes—our mess kit is not yet in order. I’ll give you your breakfast bacon for dinner,” he answers; but he forgets that I am solid with the infantry mess, where I betook myself.

After breakfast the march begins. A bicycle corps pulls out ahead. It is heavy wheeling and pretty bumpy on the grass, where they are compelled to ride, but they managed far better than one would anticipate. Then came the infantry in an open column of fours, heavy-marching order. The physique of the black soldiers must be admired—great chested, broad shouldered, up-standing fellows, with bull necks, as with their rifles

thrown across their packs they straddle along.

United States regular infantry in full kit and campaign rig impresses one as very useful and businesslike. There is nothing to relieve the uniform or make it gay. Their whole clothing and equipment grew up in the field, and the field doesn’t grow tin-pots for head-gear or white cross-belts for the enemy to draw dead-centers on. Every means are used to keep men from falling out of ranks, for almost any reason they may allege as an excuse. Often to fall out only means that when camp is reached the unfortunate one must continue to march backward and forward before the company line, while his comrades are making themselves comfortable, until—well, until he is decided that he won’t fall out again.

“I know why so many of dem battles is victorious,” said one trudging darkey to another.

“Why?” he is asked.

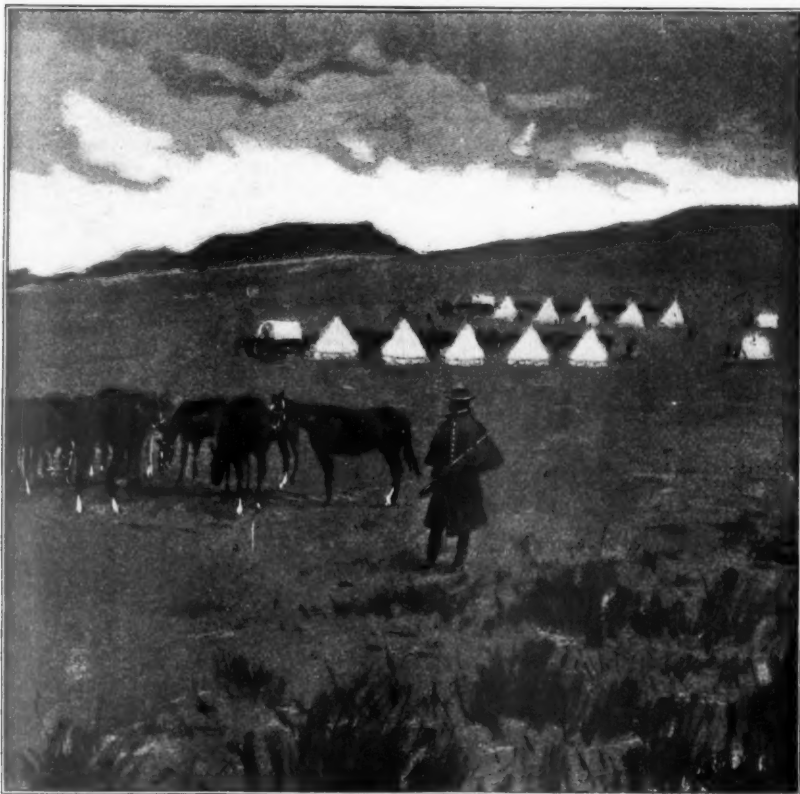
“Dey march de men so hard to get thar, dat dey is too tired to run away.”

Very naturally when with infantry and transportation, the cavalry have time to improve their mind. Later in the day the sun came out, and Major Wint made them do “some of the things which the fools write in the books,” as I heard it put. We were on a perfectly flat plain where you could see for ten miles—an ideal place for paper work. The major threw an advance and flankers, and every one had a hack at the command. I forget how many troops of cavalry I represented, but I did not have enough, and notwithstanding the brilliancy of my attack I got properly “licked.” At any rate, after it was all over we knew more than the fellows who write the books, and besides, it was great fun. Handling cavalry troops is an art, not a science, and it is given to few men to think and act quickly enough. As for mistakes, it is a question how many an officer ought to be allowed to make before he has to hunt up another business where he will not have to decide between right and wrong or good and bad in the fraction of a second. It is quite startling how quickly good cavalry “rides home” over eight hundred yards of ground, and when one has to do something to meet it, he has no time to wattle a stick over the matter.

Moreover, I never expect to meet any really great cavalymen who weigh over one hundred and sixty pounds.

Some of the old sergeants have been taught their battle tactics in a school where the fellows who were not quick at learning are dead. I have forgotten a great many miles of road as I talked to old Sergeant Shropshire. His experiences were grave and gay and infinitely varied.

them young fellers ahead thar—lots of 'em 'll nevah make soldiers in God's world. Now you see that black feller just turnin' his head; well, he's a 'cruit, and he thinks I been abusin' him for a long time. Other day he comes to me and says he don't want no more trouble; says I can get along with him from now on. Says I to that 'cruit, 'Blame yer eyes, I don't have to get along wid you; you have to get



Drawn by Frederic Remington.

SUNRISE IN THE BEAR PAWS.

"We used to have a fight every day down on the Washita, Mr. Remington," said he, "and them Indians used to attack accordin' to your ideas. 'A feller on the flanks nevah knew what minute he was goin' to have a horse-race back to the command, with anywhar from ten to five hundred Indians a close second.

"Ah, Mr. Remington, we used to have soldiers in them days. Now you take

along wid me. Understand?" The column halted.

"What is the trouble, Shropshire?"

"Mule got disgusted, I reckon, sah," said he; and I rode ahead to find a "government six" stuck in the bed of a creek. I sat on the top of the bank as the dismounted men and mules and whips and sand flew, while to my ears came the lashing, the stamping, yelling and pro-

fanity. The thing was gotten out when the long lines of cavalry horses stood under the cut bank and drank at the brook, greenish-yellow with the reflection of the bank above, while the negro cavalrymen carried on conversations with their horses. Strange people, but yet not half as strange as Indians in this respect, for between these natural people and horses there is something in common which educated white men don't know anything whatever about. It is perfectly apparent that the horses understand them when they talk. This is not true of all the men, but of the best ones. That is one reason why it ought to be legally possible, when a recruit jerks his horse's head or is otherwise impatient with him, to hit the recruit over the head with a six-shooter, whereas all an officer can now do is to take him one side and promise faithfully to murder him if he ever repeats the error.

In due time the major made a permanent camp on a flat under the Bear Paw range and everything was gotten "shipshape" and "Bristol fashion," all of which nicety is to indicate to the recruit that when he rolls over in his sleep, the operation must be attended to with geometrical reference to the center-pole of the major's tepee. All about was an inspiring sweep, high rolling plains, with rough mountains, intersecting coulees and a well-brushed creek bottom, in all, enough land to maneuver forty thousand men under cover, yet within sight of the camp, and for cavalry all one could wish. Officer's patrols were sent out to meet each other through the hills. I accompanied the major, and we sat like two buzzards on a pinnacle of rock, using our field-glasses so cleverly that no one could tell what we saw by studying our movements through their own, yet we had the contestants under sight all the time.

There was an attack on the camp led by Mr. Carter Johnson, one of the most skilful and persistent cavalrymen of the

young men in the army, General Miles has said. His command was the mounted band which was to represent three troops, and with these he marched off into the hills. The camp itself was commanded on one side by a high hill on top of which the infantry rifle pitted and lay down. From here we could see everywhere, and I had previously told Mr. Johnson that I thought the camp perfectly safe, covered as it was by the intrenched infantry. It is a fact that officers have such enthusiasm each for his own arm that infantry take cavalry as they do "summer girls," whereas cavalrymen are all dying to get among "foot" and hack them up. Neither is right but both spirits are commendable.

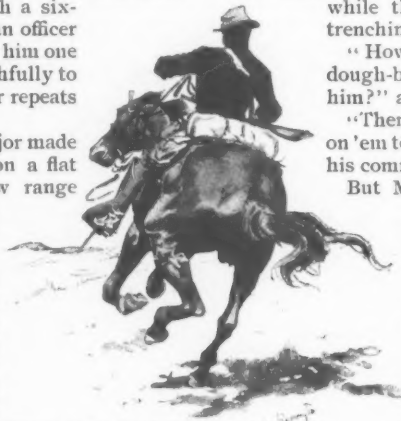
Few cavalry orderlies stood near me while the infantry were intrenching.

"How much dirt does a dough-boy need for to protect him?" asked the saber.

"There ought to be enough on 'em to protect 'em," laughs his comrade.

But Mr. Johnson had told me that he was going to charge the infantry just for the lark, and for this I waited. I cannot tell all that happened on that field of battle, but Mr. Johnson snapped his "wind jammers" over those hills in a most reckless manner. He

met the subtle approaches of his enemy at every point, cut off a flank of the defending party, and advanced in a covered way to the final attack. He drew the fire of the infantry while replying, dismounted at long range, disappeared and reappeared, coming like mad down a cut right on top of a troop of defenders. From here on I shall not admit it was "war, but it was magnificent." On he came, with yells and straining horses, right through the camp, individual men wrestling each other off their horses, upsetting each other over the tent ropes, and then in column he took off down a cut bank at least six feet high, ploughed through the creek with the water flying, and disappeared under our hill. In an instant he came bound-

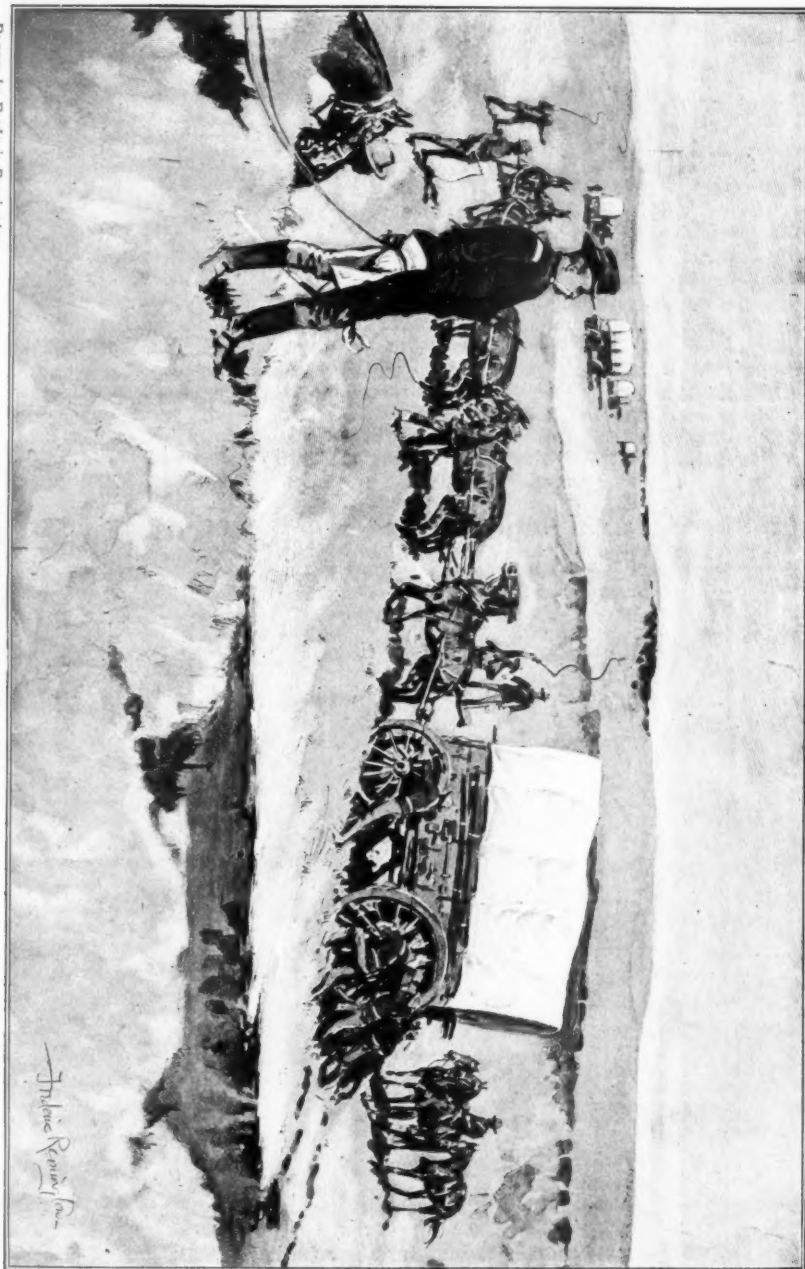


Drawn by Frederic Remington.

A VIDETTE.

Drawn by Frederic Remington.

A "GOVERNMENT SIX" MILED DOWN.



ing up, his squad in line, the horses snorting and the darkies' eyes sticking out like saucers. It was a piece of daring riding and well delivered as a charge, but the festive dough-boys lighted cigarettes and said, "Carter, your d—— band ought to be ready for burial long before now." Heroism does not count in maneuvers and miracles are barred.

This is, in my opinion, the sort of thing our militia should undertake, and they ought to eliminate any "cut-and-dried" affairs. It should be done in September, when the weather is cool, because men not accustomed to outdoor life cannot stand immediately either extreme heat or cold and do what should be expected of them.

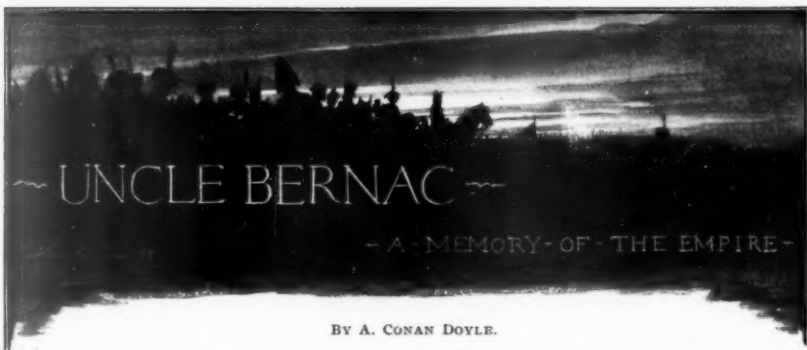
Permanent camps like Peekskill are but one step in advance of an armory. They were good in their day but their day is passed in our militia—we have

progressed beyond it. Men will be found to like "life on the road," and officers will find that where the conditions of country are ever changing, a week's "advance and outpost" work will eclipse all the books they have ever indulged in. One of the most intelligent of military authorities, Col. Francis Green, says that our troops will never be called on to fight rural communities, but will operate in cities. This is probably true, but practice marches could be made through populous sections, with these villages, railroad tracks, fences, stone walls and other top-hamper to simulate conditions to be expected. Such a command should be constantly menaced by small detachments, under the most active and intelligent officers belonging to it, when it will be found that affairs usually made perfunctory begin to mean something to the men.



Drawn by Frederic Remington.

WRAPPED IN THEIR "SLICKERS."



UNCLE BERNAC

- A MEMORY OF THE EMPIRE -

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

VI.

THE SECRET PASSAGE.

THE fire had already smoldered down and my companion blew out the lamp, so that we had not taken ten paces before we lost sight of the ill-omened cottage in which I had received so singular a welcome upon my home-coming. The wind had softened down, but a fine rain, cold and clammy, came drifting up from the sea. Had I been alone I should have found myself as much at a loss as I had been when I first landed, but my companion walked with a brisk and assured step, so that it was evident that he guided himself by landmarks which were invisible to me. For my part, wet and miserable, with my forlorn bundle under my arm and my nerves all jangled by my terrible experiences, I trudged in silence by his side, turning over in my mind all that had occurred to me.

Young as I was, I had heard much political discussion among my elders in England, and the state of affairs in France was perfectly familiar to me. I was aware that the recent elevation of Buonaparte to the throne had enraged the small but formidable section of Jacobins and extreme republicans, who saw that all their efforts to abolish a kingdom had only ended in transforming it into an empire. It was indeed a pitiable result to their strivings that a crown with eight fleurs-de-lis should be changed into a higher crown surmounted by a cross and ball. On the other hand, the followers of the Bourbons, in whose company I had spent my youth, were equally disappointed at the manner in which the mass of the

French people hailed this final step in the return from chaos to order. Contradictory as were their motives, the more violent spirits of both parties were united in their hatred to Napoleon and in their fierce determination to get rid of him by any means; hence a series of conspiracies, most of them with their base in England, and hence also the use of spies and informers upon the part of Fouché and Savary, upon whom lay the responsibility of the safety of the emperor. A strange chance had landed me upon the French coast at the very same time as a murderous conspirator, and had afterward enabled me to see the weapons with which the police contrived to thwart and outwit him and his associates. When I looked back upon my series of adventures, my wanderings in the salt-marsh, my entrance into the cottage, my discovery of the papers, my capture by the conspirators, the long period of suspense with Tous-sac's dreadful thumb upon my chin, and, finally, the moving scenes which I had witnessed—the killing of the hound, the capture of Lesage and the arrival of the soldiers—I could not wonder that my nerves were overwrought, and that I surprised myself in little convulsive gestures like those of a frightened child.

The chief thought which now filled my mind was, what were my relations with this dangerous man who walked by my side? His conduct and bearing had filled me with abhorrence. I had seen the depth of cunning with which he had duped and betrayed his companions, and I had read in his lean, smiling face the cold deliberate cruelty of his nature, as he stood, pistol in hand, over the whimpering coward whom he had outwitted. Yet I

could not deny that when through my own foolish curiosity I had placed myself in a most hopeless position it was he who had braved the wrath of the formidable Toussac in order to extricate me. It was evident also that he might have made his achievement more striking by delivering up to the troopers two prisoners instead of one. It is true that I was not a conspirator, but I might have found it difficult to prove it. So inconsistent did such conduct seem in this little brown flintstone of a man, that after walking a mile or two in silence I asked him suddenly what the meaning of it might be.

I heard a dry chuckle in the darkness as if he were amused by the abruptness and directness of my question.

"You are a most amusing person, Monsieur—Monsieur— Let me see: What did you say your name was?"

"De Laval."

"Ah, quite so, Monsieur de Laval. You have the impetuosity and the ingenuousness of youth. You want to know what is up a chimney, you jump up the chimney. You want to know the reason of a thing, and you blurt out a question. I have been in the habit of living among people who keep their thoughts to themselves, and I find you very refreshing.

"Whatever the motives of your conduct there is no doubt that you saved my life," said I. "I am much obliged to you for your intercession." It is the most difficult thing in the world to express gratitude to a person who fills you with abhorrence, and I fear that my halting speech was another instance of that ingenuousness of which he accused me.

"I can do without your thanks," said he coldly. "You are perfectly right when you think that if it had suited my purpose I should have let you perish, and I am perfectly right when I think that if it were not that you are under an obligation you would fail to see my hand if I stretched it out to you, just as that overgrown puppy Lasalle did. It is very honorable, he thinks, to serve the emperor upon the field of battle and to risk life in his behalf, but when it comes to living amidst danger, as I have done, consorting with desperate men and knowing well that the least slip would mean death, why then one is beneath the notice of a fine, clean-handed gentleman. Why," he continued,

in a burst of bitter passion, "I have dared more and endured more with Toussac and a few of his kidney for comrades than this Lasalle has done in all the childish cavalry charges that ever he undertook. As to service, all his marshals put together have not rendered the emperor as pressing a service as I have done. But I dare say it does not strike you in that light, Monsieur— Monsieur—"

"De Laval."

"Quite so. It is curious how that name escapes me. I dare say you take the same view as Colonel Lasalle?"

"It is not a question upon which I can offer an opinion," said I. "I only know that I owe my life to your intercession."

I do not know what reply he might have made to this evasion, but at that moment we heard a couple of pistol shots and a distant shouting from far away in the darkness. We stopped for a few minutes, but all was silent once more.

"They must have caught sight of Toussac," said my companion. "I am afraid that he is too strong and too cunning to be taken by them. I do not know what impression he left upon you, but I can tell you that you will go far to meet a more dangerous man."

I answered that I would go far to avoid meeting one unless I had the means of defending myself, and my companion's dry chuckle showed that he appreciated my feelings.

"Yet he is an absolutely honest man, which is no very common thing in these days," said he. "He is one of those who at the outbreak of the revolution embraced it with the whole strength of his simple nature. He believed what the writers and the speakers told him, and he was convinced that after a little disturbance and a few necessary executions France was to become a heaven upon earth, the center of peace and comfort and brotherly love. A good many people got those fine ideas into their heads, but the heads have mostly dropped into the sawdust-basket by this time. Toussac was true to them, and when instead of peace he found war, instead of comfort a grinding poverty, and instead of equality an empire, it drove him mad. He became the fierce creature you see, with the one idea of devoting his huge body and giant's strength to the destruction of those who had interfered

with his ideal. He is fearless, persevering and implacable. I have no doubt at all that he will kill me for the part I have played to-night.

It was in the calmest voice that my companion uttered the remark, and it made me understand that it was no boast when he said that there was more courage needed to carry on his unsavory trade than to play the part of a beau sabreur like Lasalle. He paused a little and then went on as if speaking to himself.

an instant, and keeping up a swift pace which was welcome to me in my sodden and benumbed condition. I had been so young when I left my native place that it is doubtful whether, even in daylight, I should have recognized the country side, but now in the darkness, half stupefied by my adventures, I could not form the least idea as to where we were or what we were making for. A certain recklessness had taken possession of me and I cared little where I went, so long as I could



Drawn by Sauber.

"IT IS SMALL AT THE ENTRANCE," SAID HE

"Yes," said he, "I missed my chance. I certainly ought to have shot him when he was struggling with the hound. But if I had only wounded him he would have torn me into bits like an overboiled pullet, so perhaps it is as well as it is."

We had left the salt-marsh behind us and for some time I had felt the soft, springy turf of the downland beneath my feet, and our path had risen and dipped over the curves of the low coast hills. In spite of the darkness my companion walked with great assurance, never hesitating for

gain the rest and shelter of which I stood in need.

I do not know how long we walked. I only know that I had dozed and waked, and dozed again, while still automatically keeping pace with my comrade, when I was at last aroused by his coming to a dead stop. The rain had ceased and, although the moon was still obscured, the heavens had cleared somewhat and I could see for a little distance in every direction. A huge white basin gaped in front of us, and I made out that it was a

deserted chalk quarry, with brambles and ferns growing thickly all around the edges. My companion, after a stealthy glance around to make sure that no one was observing us, picked his way among the scattered clumps of bushes until he reached the wall of chalk. This he skirted for some distance, squeezing between the cliff and brambles until he came at last to a spot where all further progress appeared impossible.

"Can you see a light behind us?" asked my companion.

I turned round and looked carefully in every direction, but was unable to see one.

"Never mind," said he. "You go first and I will follow."

In some way, during the instant that my back had been turned, he had swung aside or plucked out the tangle of bush which had blocked our way. When I turned there was a square dark opening in the white glimmering wall in front of us.

"It is small at the entrance, but it grows larger further in," said he.

I hesitated for an instant. Whither was it that this strange man was leading me? Did he live in a cave like a wild beast, or was this some trap into which he was luring me? The moon shone out at the instant, and in its silver light this black and silent port-hole looked inexpressibly cheerless and menacing.

"You have gone rather far to turn back, my good friend," said my companion. "You must either trust me altogether or not trust me at all."

"I am at your disposal."

"Pass in then and I shall follow."

I crept into the narrow passage, which was so low that I had to crawl down it upon my hands and knees. Craning my neck round I could see the dim angular silhouette of my companion as he came after me. He paused at the entrance and then, with a rustling of branches and snapping of twigs, the faint light was suddenly shut off from outside and we were left in pitchy darkness. I heard the scraping of his knees as he crawled up behind me.

"Go on until you come to a step down," said he. "We shall have more room there and can strike a light."

The ceiling was so low that by arching

my back I could easily strike it, and my elbows touched the wall on either side. In those days I was slim and lithe, however, so that I found no difficulty in making my way onward until at the end of a hundred paces, or it may have been a hundred and fifty, I felt with my hands that there was a dip in front of me. Down this I clambered and was instantly conscious, from the purer air, that I was in some larger cavity. I heard the snapping of my companion's flint, and the red glow of the tinder-paper leaped suddenly into the clear yellow flame of the taper. At first I could only see that stern, emaciated face, like some grotesque carving in walnut-wood, with the ceaseless fishlike vibration of the muscles of his jaw. The light beat full upon it and it stood strangely out with a dim halo around it in the darkness. Then he raised the taper and swept it slowly around at arm's length so as to illuminate the place in which we stood.

I found that we were in a subterranean tunnel which appeared to extend into the bowels of the earth. It was so high that I could stand erect with ease, and the old lichen-blotched stones which lined the walls told of its great age. At the spot where we stood the ceiling had fallen in and the original passage been blocked, but a cutting had been made from this point through the chalk to form the narrow burrow along which we had come. This cutting appeared to be quite recent, for a mound of *débris* and some trenching tools were still lying in the passage. My companion, taper in hand, started off down the tunnel and I followed at his heels, stepping over the great stones which had fallen from the roof or the walls and now obstructed the path.

"Well," said he, grinning at me over his shoulder, "have you ever seen anything like this in England?"

"Never," I answered.

"These are the precautions and devices which men adopted in rough days long ago. Now that rough days have come again they are very useful to those who know of such places."

"Whither does it lead, then?" I asked.

"To this," said he, stopping before an old wooden door powerfully clamped with iron. He fumbled with the metal work, keeping himself between me and it so that

I could not see what he was doing. There was a sharp click and the door revolved slowly upon its hinges. Within there was a steep flight of time-worn steps, leading upward. He motioned me on, and closed the door behind us. At the head of the stair there was a second wooden gate, which he opened in a similar manner.

I had been dazed before ever I came into the chalk-pit, but now, at this succession of incidents, I began to rub my eyes and ask myself whether this was really young Louis de Laval, late of Ashford, in Kent, or whether it was some dream of the adventures of a hero of Pegault Lebrun. These massive moss-grown arches and mighty iron-clamped doors were indeed like the dim shadowy background of a vision, but the flickering taper, my sodden bundle, and all the sordid details of my disarranged toilet assured me only too clearly of their reality. Above all, the swift, brisk, business-like manner of my companion and his occasional abrupt remarks brought my fancies back to the ground once more. He held the door open for me now and closed it again when I had passed through.

We found ourselves in a long, vaulted corridor, with a stone-flagged floor and a dim oil lamp burning at the further end. Two iron-barred windows showed that we had come above the earth's surface once more. Down this we passed and then through several passages and up a short winding stair. At the head of it was an open door which led into a small but comfortable bedroom.

"I presume that this will satisfy your wants for to-night," said he.

I asked for nothing better than to throw myself down, damp clothes and all, upon that snowy coverlet, but for the instant my curiosity overcame my fatigue.



Drawn by
Saubert.

"YOU ARE IN MY HOUSE."

"I am much indebted to you, sir," said I. "Perhaps you will add to your favors by letting me know where I am."

"You are in my house, and that must suffice you for to-night. In the morning we shall go further into the matter." He rang a bell, and a gaunt, shock-headed, country man-servant came at the call.

"Your mistress has retired, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; a good two hours ago."

"Very good." And turning to me, "I shall call you myself in the morning. Good night." He closed my door, and the echo of his steps seemed hardly

to have died from my ears before I had sunk into that deep and dreamless sleep which only youth and fatigue can give.

VII.

THE OWNERS OF GROSBOS.

My host was as good as his word, for when a noise in my room awoke me in the morning it was to find him standing by the side of my bed, so composed in his features and so drab in his attire that it was hard to associate him with the stirring scenes of yesterday and the repulsive part which he had played in them. Now in the fresh morning sunlight he presented rather the appearance of a pedantic schoolmaster, an impression which was increased by the masterful and yet benevolent smile with which he regarded me. In spite of his smile I was more conscious than ever that my whole soul shrank from him, and that I should not be at my ease until I had broken this companionship which had been so involuntarily formed. Over one arm he carried a heap of clothes, which he threw upon a chair at the bottom of my bed.

"I gather from the little that you told me last night," said he, "that your wardrobe is at present somewhat scanty. I fear that your inches are greater than those of any one in my household, but I have brought a few things here among which you may find something to fit you. Here too are the razors, the soap and the powder-box. I will return in half an hour, when your toilet will doubtless be completed."

I found that my own clothes, with a little brushing, were as good as ever, but I availed myself of his offer to the extent of a ruffled shirt and a black satin cravat. I had finished dressing and was looking out of the window of my room, which opened onto a blank wall, when my host returned. He looked me all over with a keenly scrutinizing eye, and appeared to be satisfied with what he saw.

"That will do. That will do very well indeed," said he, nodding a critical head. "In these days a slight indication of travel or hard work upon a costume is more fashionable than the foppishness of the incroyables. I have heard ladies re-

mark that it was in better taste. Now, sir, if you will kindly follow me."

His solicitude about my dress filled me with surprise, but this was soon forgotten in the shock which was awaiting me, for as we passed down the passage and into a large hall which seemed strangely familiar to me, there was a full-length portrait of my father standing right in front of me. I stood staring with a gasp of astonishment, and turned to see the cold gray eyes of my companion fixed upon me with a humorous glitter.

"You seem surprised, Monsieur de Laval," said he.

"For God's sake," said I, "do not trifle with me any further. Who are you and what is this place to which you have taken me?"

In answer he broke into one of his dry chuckles, and laying his skinny brown hand upon my wrist, he led me into a large apartment. In the center was a table, tastefully laid, and beyond it, in a low chair, a young lady was seated with a book in her hand. She rose as we entered, and I saw that she was tall and slender, with a dark face, pronounced features, and black eyes of extraordinary brilliancy. Even in that one glance it struck me that the expression with which she regarded me was by no means a friendly one.

"Sibylle," said my host, and his words took the breath from my lips, "this is your cousin from England, Louis de Laval. This, my dear nephew, is my only daughter, Sibylle Bernac."

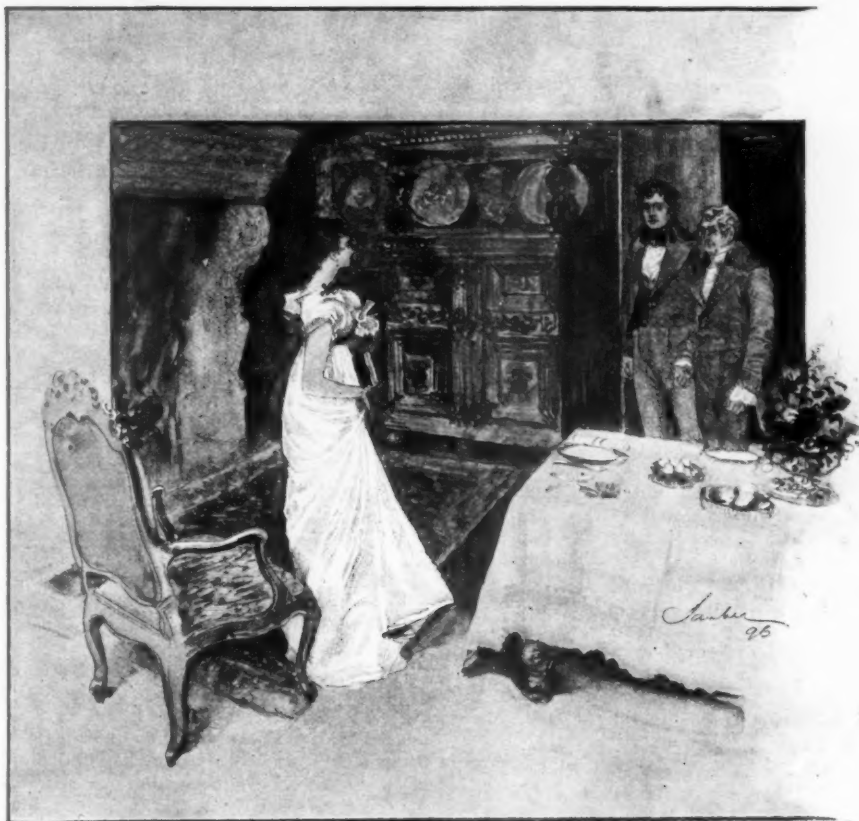
"Then you——"

"I am your mother's brother, Charles Bernac."

"You are my Uncle Bernac!" I stammered at him like an idiot. "But why did you not tell me so?"

"I was not sorry to have a chance of quietly observing what his English education had done for my nephew. It might also have been harder for me to stand your friend if my comrades had any reason to think that I was personally interested in you. But you will permit me now to welcome you heartily to France and to express my regret if your reception has been a rough one. I am sure that Sibylle will help me to atone for it."

I looked round me, and gradually the



Drawn by Sauber.

"SHE WAS TALL AND SLENDER."

spacious room with the weapons on the wall and the deer's heads came dimly back to my memory. That view through the oriel window, too, with the clump of oaks in the sloping part and the sea in the distance beyond—I had certainly seen it before. It was true, then, and I was in our own castle at Grosbois, and this dreadful man in the snuff-colored coat, this sinister plotter with the death's-head face, was the man whom I had heard my poor father curse so often, the man who had ousted him from his own property and had installed himself in his place. And yet I could not forget that it was he who at some risk to himself had saved me the night before, and my soul was again torn between my gratitude and my repulsion.

We had seated ourselves at the table,

and as we ate, this newly found uncle of mine continued to explain all those points which I had failed to understand.

"I knew you the instant that I set eyes upon you," said he. "I am old enough to remember your father when he was a young gallant, and you are his very double, though I may say without flattery, that where there is a difference it is in your favor. And yet he had the name of being one of the handsomest men betwixt Rouen and the sea. You must bear in mind that I was expecting you, and that there are not so many young aristocrats of your age wandering about along the coast. I was surprised when you did not recognize where you were last night. Had you never heard of this secret passage of Grosbois?"

It came vaguely back to me that in my childhood I had heard of this underground tunnel, but that the roof had fallen in and rendered it useless. I said so to my uncle.

"Precisely," said my uncle. "When the castle passed into my hands, one of the very first things which I did was to cut a new opening at the end of it, for I foresaw that in these troublesome times it might be of use to me. Indeed, had it been in repair, it might have made the escape of your mother and father a very much easier affair."

His words recalled all that I had heard and all that I could remember of those dreadful days when we, the lords of the country side, had been chased across it as if we had been wolves, with the howling mob still chattering at the pierhead, to shake their fists and hurl their stones at us. I remembered too that it was this very man who was speaking to me who had thrown oil upon the flames in those days and whose fortunes had been founded upon our ruin. As I looked across at him I found that his keen gray eyes were fixed upon me, and I could see that he had read the thoughts in my mind.

"We must let by-gones be by-gones," said he. "These are quarrels of the last generation, and Sibylle and you represent a new one."

My cousin had not said one word or taken any notice of my presence, but at this joining of our names she glanced at me with the same hostile expression which I had already remarked.

"Come, Sibylle," said her father, "you can assure your cousin Louis that, as far as you are concerned, any family misunderstanding is at an end."

"It is very well for us to talk in that way, father," she answered. "It is not your picture that hangs in the hall or your coat-of-arms that I see upon the wall. We hold the castle and the land, but it is for the heir of the de Lavals to tell us if he is satisfied with this." Her dark scornful eyes were fixed upon me as she waited for my reply, but her father hastened to intervene.

"This is not a very hospitable tone in which to greet your cousin," said he harshly. "It has so chanced that Louis' heritage has fallen to us, but it is not for us to remind him of the fact."

"He needs no reminding," said she.

"You do me an injustice," I cried; for the evident and malignant scorn of this girl galled me to the quick. "It is true that I cannot forget that this castle and these grounds belonged to my ancestors—I should be a clod indeed if I could forget it;—but if you think that I harbor any bitterness you are mistaken. For my own part, I ask nothing better than to open up a career for myself with my own sword."

"And never was there a time when it could be more easily and more brilliantly done," cried my uncle. "There are great things about to happen in the world, and if you are at the emperor's court you will be in the middle of them. I understand that you are content to serve him."

"I wish to serve my country."

"By serving the emperor you do so, for without him the country becomes chaos."

"From all we hear it is not a very easy service," said my cousin. "I should have thought that you would have been very much more comfortable in England. And then you would have been so much safer also."

Everything which the girl said seemed to be meant as an insult to me, and yet I could not imagine how I had ever offended her. Never had I met a woman for whom I conceived so hearty and rapid a dislike. I could see that her remarks were as offensive to her father as they were to me, for he looked at her with eyes which were as angry as her own.

"Your cousin is a brave man, and that is more than can be said for some one else that I could mention," said he.

"For whom?" she asked.

"Never mind," he snapped; and he jumped up with the air of a man who is afraid that his rage may master him and that he may say more than he wishes, and ran from the room.

She seemed thunderstruck by this retort of his and rose as if she would follow him. Then she tossed her head and laughed incredulously.

"I suppose that you have never met your uncle before?" said she.

"Never," I answered.

"Well, what do you think of him now you have met him?"

Such a question from a daughter about

her father filled me with a certain vague horror. I felt that he must be even a worse man than I had taken him for if he had so completely forfeited the loyalty of his own nearest and dearest.

"Your silence is a sufficient answer," said she, as I hesitated for a reply. "I do not know how you came to meet him last night or what passed between you, for we do not share each other's confidences. I think, however, that you have read him aright. Now I have something to ask you. You had a letter from him inviting you to leave England and to come here, had you not?"

"Yes; I had."

"Did you observe nothing on the outside?"

I thought of those two sinister words which had puzzled me so much.

"What! it was you who warned me not to come?"

"Yes; it was I. I had no other means of doing it."

"But why did you do it?"

"Because I did not wish you to come here."

"Did you think that I would harm you?"

She sat silent for a few seconds like one who is afraid of saying too much. When her answer came it was a very unexpected one.

"I was afraid that you would be harmed."

"You think that I am in danger here?"

"I am sure of it."

"You advise me to leave?"

"Without losing an instant."

"From whom is the danger, then?"

Again she hesitated and then with a reckless motion, like one who throws prudence to the winds, she turned upon me.

"It is from my father," said she.

"But why should he harm me?"

"That is for your sagacity to discover."

"But I assure you, mademoiselle, that in this matter you misjudge him," said I. "As it happens, he interfered to save my life last night."

"To save your life! From whom?"

"From two conspirators whose plans I had chanced to discover."

"Ah!" Her face flushed suddenly.

"They would have killed me if he had not intervened."

"It is not his interest that you should be harmed, yet awhile. He had reasons for wishing you to come to Castle Grosbois. But I have been very frank with you and I wish you to be equally so with me. Does it happen that during your youth in England you have ever had an affair of the heart?"

Everything which this cousin of mine said appeared to me to be stranger than the last, and this question, coming at the end of so serious a conversation, was the strangest of all. But frankness begets frankness, and I did not hesitate.

"I have left the very best and sweetest girl in the world behind me in England," said I. "Eugénie is her name, Eugénie de Choiseul, the niece of the old count."

My reply seemed to give my cousin great satisfaction. Her large dark eyes shone with pleasure.

"You are very much attached?" she asked.

"I shall never be happy until I see her."

"And you would not give her up?"

"God forbid!"

"Not for the castle of Grosbois?"

"Not even for that."

My cousin held out her hand to me with a charmingly frank impulsiveness.

"You will forgive me for my rudeness," said she. "I see that we are to be allies and not enemies."

And our hands were still clasped when her father reentered the room.

VIII.

COUSIN SIBYLLE.

I could see in my uncle's grim face, as he looked at us, the keenest satisfaction contending with surprise at this sign of our sudden reconciliation. All trace of his recent anger seemed to have left him as he addressed his daughter, but in spite of his altered tone I noticed that her eyes looked defiance and distrust.

"I have some papers of importance to look over," said he. "For an hour or so I shall be engaged. I can guess Louis would like to see the old place once again, and I am sure that he could not have a better guide than you, Sibylle, if you will take him over it."

She raised no objection, and for my part

I was overjoyed at the proposal, as it gave me an opportunity of learning more of this singular cousin of mine, who had told me so much and yet seemed to know so much more. What was the meaning of this obscure warning which she had given me against her father, and why was she so frankly anxious to know about my love affairs?—these were the two questions which pressed for an answer. Out we went together into the sweet coast-land air, the sweeter for the gale of the night before, and we walked through the old yew-lined paths and out into the park, and so round the castle, looking up at the gables, the gray pinnacles, the oak-mullioned windows, the ancient wing with its machicolated walls and its meurtrière windows, the modern with its pleasant veranda and veil of honeysuckle. And as she showed me each fresh little detail, with a particularity which made me understand how dear the place had become to her, she would still keep offering her apologies for the fact that she should be the hostess and I the visitor.

"It is not against you but against ourselves that I was bitter," said she; "for are we not the cuckoos who have taken a strange nest and driven out those who built it? It makes me blush to think that my father should invite you to your own house."

"Perhaps we had been rooted here too long," I answered. "Perhaps it is for our own good that we are driven out to carve our own fortunes, as I intend to do."

"You say that you are going to the emperor?"

"Yes."

"You know that he is in the camp near here?"

"So I have heard."

"But your family is still proscribed."

"I have done him no harm. I will go boldly to him and ask him to admit me into his service."

"Well," said she, "there are some who call him a usurper and wish him all evil, but for my own part I have never heard of anything that he has said and done which was not great and noble. But I had expected that you would be quite an Englishman, Cousin Louis, and come over here with your pockets full of Pitt's guineas and your heart with treason."

"I have met nothing but hospitality from the English," I answered, "but my heart has always been French."

"But your father fought against us at Quiberon."

"Let each generation settle its own quarrels," said I. "I am quite of your father's opinion about that."

"Do not judge my father by his words but by his deeds," said she, with a warning forefinger upraised. "And above all, Cousin Louis, unless you wish to have my life upon your conscience, never let him suspect that I have said a word to set you on your guard."

"Your life!" I gasped.

"Oh, yes, he would not stick at that," she cried. "He killed my mother. I do not say that he slaughtered her, but I mean that his cold brutality broke her gentle heart. Now perhaps you begin to understand why I can talk of him in this fashion."

As she spoke I could see the secret brooding of years, the bitter resentments crushed down in her silent soul, rising suddenly to flush her dark cheeks and to gleam in her splendid eyes. I realized at the moment that in that tall slim figure there dwelt an indomitable pride and an unconquerable spirit.

"You must think that I speak very freely to you, since I have only known you a few hours, Cousin Louis," said she.

"To whom should you speak freely if not to your own relative?"

"It is true, and yet I never expected that I should be on such terms with you. I looked forward to your coming with dread and sorrow. Perhaps I showed something of my feelings when my father brought you in?"

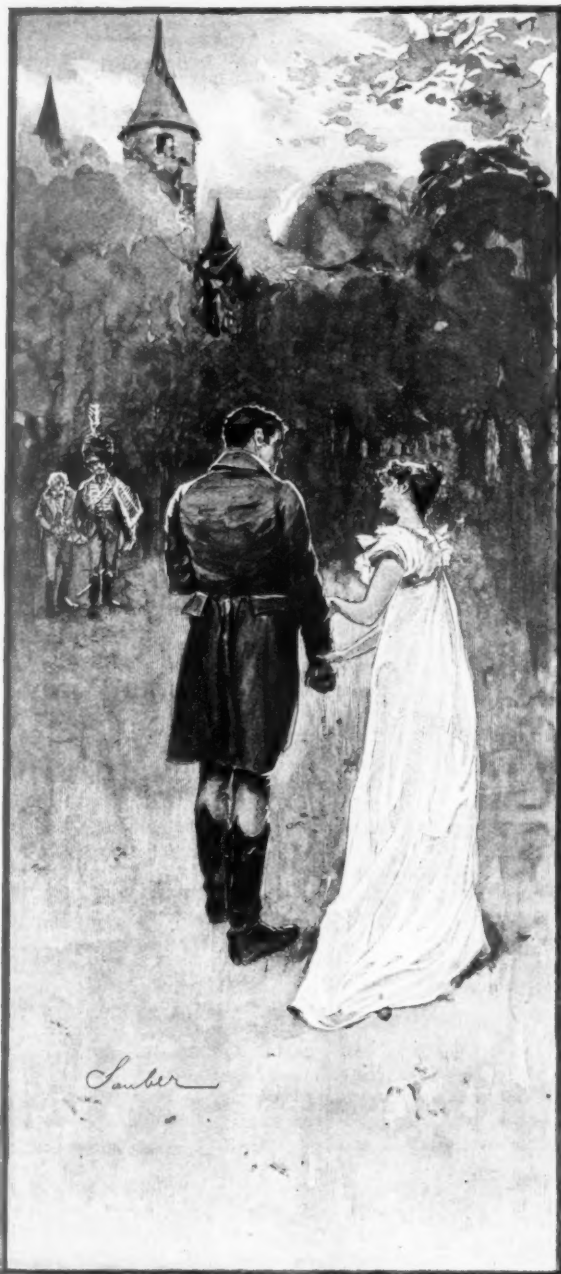
"Indeed you did," I answered. "I feared that my presence was unwelcome to you."

"Most unwelcome, both for your own sake and for mine," said she. "For your sake because I suspected, as I have told you, that my father's intentions might be unfriendly. For mine—"

"Why for yours?" I asked in surprise, for she had stopped in embarrassment.

"You have told me that your heart is another's. I may tell you that my hand is also promised and that my love has gone with it."

"May all happiness attend it," said I.



Drawn by Sauber. "SHE GRIPPED ME BY THE WRIST."

"But why should this make my coming unwelcome?"

"That thick English air has dimmed your wits, cousin," said she, shaking her stately head at me. "But I can speak freely now that I know this plan would be as hateful to you as to me. You must know then that if my father could have married us he would have united all claims to the succession of Grosbois. Then, come what might, Bourbon or Buonaparte, nothing could shake his position."

I thought of the solicitude which he had shown over my toilet in the morning, his anxiety that I should make a favorable impression, his displeasure when she had been cold to me, and the smile upon his face when he had seen us hand in hand.

"I believe you are right!" I cried.

"Right! Of course I am right. Look at him watching us now."

We were walking on the edge of the dried moat, and as I looked up, there, sure enough, was the little yellow face turned toward us in the angle of one of the windows. Seeing that I was watching him he rose and waved his hand merrily.

"Now you know why he saved your life—since you say he did save it," said she. "It would suit his plans best that you should marry his daughter, and so he wished you to live. But when once he understands that

that is impossible, why then, my poor Cousin Louis, his only way of guarding against a return of the de Laval must lie in ensuring that there are none to return."

It was those words of hers, coupled with that furtive yellow face still lurking at the window, which made me realize the imminence of my danger. No one in France had any reason to take interest in me if I were to pass away; there was no one who could make inquiry. I was absolutely in his power. My memory told me what a ruthless and dangerous man it was with whom I had to deal.

"But," said I, "he must have known that your affections were already engaged."

"He did," she answered; "it was that which made me most uneasy of all. I was afraid for you and afraid for myself, but most of all I was afraid for Lucien. No man can stand in the way of his plans."

"Lucien!" The name was like a lightning flash upon a dark night. I had heard of the vagaries of a woman's love; but was it possible that this spirited woman loved that poor creature whom I had seen groveling last night in a frenzy of fear? But now I remembered also where I had seen the name Sibylle. It was upon the fly-leaf of his book: "Lucien, from Sibylle." I recalled also that my uncle had said something to him about his aspirations.

"Lucien is hot-headed and easily carried away," said she. "My father has seen a great deal of him lately. They sit for hours in his room, and Lucien will say nothing of what passes between them. I fear that there is something going forward which may lead to evil. Lucien is a student rather than a man of the world, and he has strong opinions about politics."

I was at my wit's ends to know what to do—whether to be silent, or to tell her of the terrible position in which her lover was placed; but even as I hesitated, she, with the quick intuition of a woman, read the doubts which were in my mind.

"You know something of him," she cried. "I understood that he had gone to Paris. For God's sake tell me what you know about him?"

"His name is Lesage?"

"Yes; Lucien Lesage."

"I have—I have seen him," I stammered.

"You have seen him! And you only arrived in France last night. Where did you see him? What has happened to him?" She gripped me by the wrist in her anxiety."

It was cruel to tell her, and yet it seemed more cruel still to keep silent. I looked round in my bewilderment, and there was my uncle himself coming along over the close-cropped green lawn. By his side, with a merry clashing of steel and jingling of spurs, there walked a handsome young hussar—the same to whom the charge of the prisoner had been committed the night before. Sibylle never hesitated for an instant but, with a set face and blazing eyes, swept toward them.

"Father," said she, "what have you done with Lucien?"

I saw his impassive face wince for a moment before the passionate hatred and contempt which he read in her eyes. "We will discuss this at some fitter time," said he.

"I will know here and now," she cried. "What have you done with Lucien?"

"Gentlemen," said he, turning to the young hussar and me, "I am sorry that we should intrude our little domestic differences upon your attention. You will, I am sure, make allowances, lieutenant, when I tell you that your prisoner of last night was a very dear friend of my daughter's. Such family considerations do not prevent me from doing my duty to the emperor, but they make that duty more painful than it would otherwise be."

"You have my sympathy, mademoiselle," said the young hussar.

It was to him that my cousin had now turned.

"Do I understand that you took him prisoner?" she asked.

"It was unfortunately my duty."

"From you I will hear truth. Whither did you take him?"

"To the emperor's camp."

"And why?"

"Ah, mademoiselle, it is not for me to go into politics. My duties are but to wield the sword, sit a horse, and obey my orders. Both these gentlemen will be my witnesses that I received my instructions from Colonel Lasalle."

"But on what charge was he arrested?"

"Tut, tut, child, we have had enough of talk," said my uncle, harshly. "If you insist upon knowing, I will tell you, once and for all, that Monsieur Lucien Lesage has been seized for being concerned in a plot against the life of the emperor, and that it was my privilege to denounce the would-be assassin."

"To denounce him!" cried the girl. "I know that it was you who set him on, who encouraged him, who held him to it whenever he tried to draw back. Oh, you villain, you villain! What have I ever done, what sin of my ancestors am I expiating, that I should be compelled to call such a man 'father'?"

My uncle shrugged his shoulders as if to say that it was useless to argue with a woman's tantrums. The hussar and I made as if we would stroll away, for it was embarrassing to stand listening to such words; but in her fury she called to us to stop and be witnesses against him. Never have I seen such a recklessness of passion as blazed in her dry, wide-open eyes.

"You have deceived others, but you have never deceived me," she cried. "I know you as your own conscience knows you. You may murder me, as you murdered my mother before me, but you can never frighten me into being your accomplice. You proclaimed yourself a republican that you might creep into a house and estate which do not belong to you. And now you try to make a friend of Buonaparte by betraying your old associates who still trust in you. And you have sent Lucien to his death! But I know your plans, and my Cousin Louis knows them also, and I can assure you that there is just as much chance of his agreeing to them as there is of my doing so. I'd rather lie in my grave than be the wife of any man but Lucien."

"If you had seen the pitiful poltroon that he proved himself you would not say so," said my uncle coolly. "You are not yourself at present, but when you return to your right mind you will be ashamed of having made this public exposure of your weakness. And now, lieutenant, you have something to say."

"My message was to you, Monsieur de Laval," said the young hussar. "The emperor has sent me to bring you to him

at once at the camp at Boulogne." My heart leaped at the thought of escaping from my uncle.

"I ask nothing better," I cried.

"A horse and escort are waiting at the gate."

"I am ready to start at this instant."

"Nay, there can be no such very great hurry," said my uncle. "Surely you will wait for luncheon, Lieutenant Gérard?"

"The emperor's commissions, sir, are not carried out in such a manner," said the young hussar sternly. "I have already wasted too much time. We must be on our way in five minutes."

My uncle placed his hand upon my arm and led me slowly toward the gateway, through which my Cousin Sibylle had already passed.

"There is one matter about which I wish to speak to you before you go. Since my time is so short you will forgive me if I introduce it without preamble. You have seen your Cousin Sibylle, and though her behavior this morning is such as to prejudice you against her, yet I can assure you that she is a very amiable girl. She spoke just now as if she had mentioned the plan which I had conceived for you both. I confess to you that I cannot imagine anything more convenient than that you should be united, in order to settle once for all the question as to which branch of the family shall hold the estates."

"Unfortunately," said I, there are objections."

"And pray what are they?"

"The fact that my cousin's hand, as I have just learned, is promised to another."

"That need not hinder us," said he, with a sour smile. "I will undertake that he never claims the promise."

"I fear that I have the English idea of marriage—that it should go by love and not by convenience. But in any case your scheme is out of the question, for my own affections are pledged to a young lady in England."

He looked wickedly at me out of the corners of his gray eyes.

"Think well what you are doing, Louis," said he in a sibilant whisper, which was as menacing as a serpent's hiss. "You are deranging my plans, and that cannot be done with impunity."

"It is not a matter in which I have any choice."

He gripped me by the sleeve and waved his hand round as Satan may have done when he showed the kingdoms and principalities. "Look at the park," he cried, "the fields, the woods! Look at the old castle in which your fathers have lived for eight hundred years! You have but to say the word and it is all yours once more."

There flashed up into my mind the little red brick house at Ashford, and Eugénie's sweet, pale face looking over the laurel bushes which grew by the window. "It is impossible," said I.

There must have been something in my manner which made him comprehend that it really was so, for his face darkened with anger and his persuasion changed in an instant to menace.

"If I had known this they might have done what they wished with you last night," said he. "I would never had put out a finger to save you."

"I am glad to hear you say so," I answered, "for it makes it easier for me to say that I wish to go my own way and to have nothing more to do with you. What you have just said frees me from the bond of gratitude which held me back."

"I have no doubt that you would like to have nothing more to do with me," he cried. "You will wish it still more heartily before you finish. Very well, sir, go your own way and I will go mine, and we shall see who comes out the best in the end."

A group of hussars were standing by their horses' heads in the gateway. In a few minutes I had packed my scanty possessions and was hastening with them down the main corridor, when a chill struck suddenly through my heart at the thought of my Cousin Sibylle. How could I leave her alone with this grim companion in the old castle? Had she not herself told me that her very life might be at stake? I had stopped in my perplexity, when suddenly there was a patter of feet and there she was, running toward me.

"Good-by, Cousin Louis," she cried, with outstretched hands.

"I was thinking of you," said I. "Your father and I have had an explanation and a quarrel."

"Thank God!" she cried. "Your only chance was to get away from him. But beware, for he will do you an injury if he can!"

"He may do his worst. But how can I leave you here in his power?"

"Have no fears about me. He has more reason to avoid me than I him. But they are calling for you, Cousin Louis. Good-by, and God be with you!"

IX.

THE CAMP AT BOULOGNE.

My uncle was still standing at the castle gateway, the very picture of a usurper, with our own old coat-of-arms of the bend argent and the three blue martlets engraved upon the stones at either side of him. He gave me no sign of greeting as I mounted the large gray horse which was awaiting me, but he looked thoughtfully at me from under his dark-drawn brows, and his jaw-muscles still throbbed with that stealthy rhythmic movement. I read a cold and settled malice in his set brown face and his stern eyes. For my own part I sprang gladly enough into the saddle, for the man's presence had from the first been loathsome to me, and I was right glad to be able to turn my back upon him. And so with a stern, quick order from the lieutenant and a jingle and clatter from the troopers we were off upon our journey. As I glanced back at the black keep of Grosbois and at the sinister figure who stood looking after us from beside the gateway, I saw from over his head a white handkerchief gleam for an instant in a last greeting from one of the gloomy meurtrière windows, and again a chill ran through me as I thought of the fearless girl and of the hands in which we were leaving her.

But sorrow clears from the mind of youth like the tarnish of breath upon glass, and who could carry a heavy heart upon so lightfooted a horse and through so sweet an air? The white glimmering road wound over the downs, with the sea far upon the left, and between lay that great salt-marsh which had been the scene of our adventures. I could even see, as I fancied, a dull black spot in the distance to mark the position of that ter-

*Drawn by Sauber.*

"I SPRANG GLADLY ENOUGH IN THE SADDLE."

rible cottage. Far away the little clusters of houses showed the position of Étaples, Ambleterre and the other fishing villages, while I could see that the point which had seemed last night to glow like a half-forged red-hot sword-blade was now white as a snow-field with the camp of a great army. Far, far away a little dim cloud upon the water stood for the land where I had spent my days—the pleasant, homely land which will always rank next to my own in my affections.

And now I turned my attention from the downs and the sea to the hussars who rode beside me, forming, as I could perceive, a guard rather than an escort. Save for the patrol last night, they were the first of the famous soldiers of Napoleon whom I had ever seen, and it was

with admiration and curiosity that I looked upon men who had won a world-wide reputation for their discipline and their gallantry. Their appearance was by no means gorgeous, and their dress and equipment were much more modest than that of the East Kent Yeomanry which rode every Saturday through Ashford; but the stained tunics, the worn leathers and the rough, hardy horses gave them a very workmanlike appearance. They were small, light, brown-faced fellows, with heavy whiskers and mustaches, many of them wearing earrings. It was a surprise to me that even the youngest and most boyish-looking of them should be so bristling with hair, until upon a second look I perceived that his whiskers were formed of lumps

of black wax stuck on to the sides of his face. The tall young lieutenant noticed the astonishment with which I gazed at this boyish trooper.

"Yes, yes," said he, "they are artificial, sure enough; but what can you expect from a lad of seventeen? On the other hand, we cannot spoil the appearance of the regiment upon parade by having a girl's pair of cheeks in the ranks."

"It melts terribly in this warm weather, lieutenant," said the hussar, joining into the conversation with the freedom which was one of the characteristics of Napoleon's troops.

"Well, well, Caspar, in a year or two you will dispense with them."

"Who knows, perhaps he will have dispensed with his head also by that time," said a corporal in front; and they all laughed together in a manner which in England would have meant a court-martial. This seemed to me to be one of the survivals of the revolution, that officer and private were left upon a very familiar footing, which was increased, no doubt, by the freedom with which the emperor would chat with his old soldiers and the liberties which he would allow them to take with him. It was no uncommon thing for a shower of chaff to come from the ranks directed at their own commanding officers, and I am sorry to say that it was no very unusual thing for a shower of bullets to come also. Unpopular officers were continually being assassinated by their own men, and at Montebello it is well known that every officer, with the exception of one lieutenant, belonging to the Twenty-fourth Demi-Brigade was shot down from behind. But this was a relic of the bad times, and as the emperor gained more control a better feeling was established. The history of our army at that time proved, at any rate, that the highest efficiency could be maintained without the flogging which was still used in the Prussian and the English services, and it was shown for the first time that great bodies of men could be induced to act from a sense of duty and a love of country without hope of reward or fear of punishment. When a French general could suffer his division to straggle as they would over the face of the country, with the certainty that they would concentrate upon the day of battle,

he proved that he had soldiers who were worthy of his trust.

One thing had struck me as curious about these hussars, that they pronounced French with the utmost difficulty. I remarked it to the lieutenant, as he rode by my side, and I asked him from what foreign country his men were recruited, since I could perceive that they were not Frenchmen.

"My faith, you must not let them hear you say so," said he, "for they would answer you, as like as not, by a thrust from their saber. We are the premier regiment of the French cavalry, the First Hussars of Berchény, and though it is true that all our men are recruited in Alsace, and few of them can speak anything but German, they are as good Frenchmen as Kléber or Kellermann, who came from the same parts. Our men are all picked, and our officers," he added, pulling at his light mustache, "are the finest in the service."

The swaggering vanity of the fellow amused me, for he cocked his busby, swung the blue dolman which hung from his shoulder, sat his horse and clattered his scabbard in a manner which told of his boyish delight and pride in himself and his regiment. As I looked at his lithe figure and his fearless bearing, I could quite imagine that he did himself no more than justice, while his frank smile and his merry blue eyes assured me that he would prove a good comrade. He had himself been taking observations of me, for he suddenly placed his hand upon my knee as we rode side by side.

"I trust that the emperor is not displeased with you," said he with a very grave face.

"I cannot think that he can be so," I answered, "for I have come from England to put my services at his disposal."

"When the report was presented last night, and he heard of your presence in that den of thieves, he was very anxious that you should be brought to him. Perhaps it is that he wishes you to be guide to us in England. No doubt you know your way all over the island?"

The hussar's idea of an island seemed to be limited to the little patches which lie off the Norman or Breton coast. I tried to explain to him that this was a

great country, not much smaller than France.

"Well, well," said he, "we shall know all about it presently, as we are going to conquer it. They say in the camp that we shall probably enter London next Wednesday evening or else on Thursday morning. We are to have a week for plundering the town, and then one army corps is to take possession of Scotland and another of Ireland."

His serene confidence made me smile. "But how do you know you can do all this?" I asked.

"Oh," said he, "the emperor has arranged it."

"But they have an army and they are well prepared. They are brave men and they will fight."

"There would be no use of their doing that, for the emperor is going over himself," said he; and in the simple answer I understood for the first time the absolute trust and confidence which these soldiers had in their leader. Their feeling for him was fanaticism and its strength was religious, and never did Mahomet nerve the arms of his believers and strengthen them against pain and death more absolutely than did this little gray-coated idol to those who worshiped him. If he had chosen—and he was more than once upon the point of it—to assert that he was indeed above humanity, he would have found millions to grant his claim. You who have heard of him as a stout gentleman in a straw hat, as he was in his later days, may find it hard to understand that; but if you had seen his mangled soldiers with their dying breath still crying out to him, and turning their livid faces toward him as he passed, you would have realized the hold he had over the minds of men.

"You have been over there?" asked the lieutenant presently.

"Yes, I have spent my life there."

"But why did you stay there when there was such good fighting to be had in the French service?"

"My father was driven out of the country as an aristocrat. It was only after his death that I could come to offer my sword to the emperor."

"You have missed a great deal," answered the lieutenant; "but I have no doubt that we shall still have plenty of

fine wars. And you think that the English will offer us battle?"

"I have no doubt of it."

"We had feared that when they understood that it was the emperor in person who had come, they would throw down their arms. I have heard there are some fine women over there."

"The women are beautiful."

He said nothing, but for some time he squared his shoulders and puffed out his chest, curling up the ends of his little yellow mustache.

"But they will escape in boats," he muttered; and I could see that he had still the picture of a little island in his imagination. "If they could but see us they might remain. It has been said of the hussars of Berchény that they can set a whole population running—the women toward us, the men away. We are, as you have no doubt observed, a very fine body of men, and the officers are the pick of the service, though the seniors are hardly up to the same standard as the rest of us."

With all his self-confidence this officer did not seem to me to be more than my own age, so I asked him whether he had seen any service. His mustache bristled with indignation at my question, and he looked me up and down with a severe eye.

"I have had the good fortune to be present at nine battles, sir, and at more than forty skirmishes," said he. "I have also fought a considerable number of duels; and I can assure you that I am always ready to meet any one—even a civilian—who may wish to put me to the proof."

I assured him that he was very fortunate to be so young and yet to have seen so much, upon which his ill-temper vanished as quickly as it came and he explained that he had served in the Hohenlinden campaign under Moreau, as well as in Napoleon's passage of the Alps and the campaign of Marengo.

"When you have been with the army for a little time the name of Etienne Gérard will not be so unfamiliar to you," said he. "I believe that I may claim to be the hero of one or two little stories which the soldiers love to tell about their camp fires. You will hear of my duel with the six fencing masters, and you will be told

how, single-handed, I charged the Austrian hussars of Graz and brought their silver kettle-drum back upon the crupper of my mare. I can assure you that it was not by accident that I was present last night, but it was because Colonel Lasalle was very anxious to be sure of any prisoners whom he might make. As it turned out, however, I only had the one poor chicken-hearted creature whom I handed over to the provost-marshal."

"And the other—Toussac?"

"Ah, he seems to have been a man of another breed. I could have asked nothing better than to have had him at my sword-point. But he has escaped. They caught sight of him and fired a pistol or two, but he knew the bog too well and they could not follow him."

"And what will be done to your prisoner?" I asked.

Lieutenant Gérard shrugged his shoulders.

"I am very sorry for mademoiselle, your cousin," said he; "but a fine girl should not love such a man when there are so many gallant soldiers upon the country side. I hear that the emperor is weary of these endless plottings and that an example will be made of him."

While the young hussar and I had been talking we had been cantering down the broad white road until we were now quite close to the camp, which we could see lying in its arrangement of regiments and brigades beneath us. Our approach lay over the high ground, so that we could see down into this canvas city, with its interminable lines of picketed horses, its parks of artillery, and its swarms of soldiers. In the center was a clear space with one very large tent and a cluster of low wooden houses in the middle of it, with the tricolor banner waving above them.

"That is the emperor's quarters, and the smaller tent there is the headquarters of General Ney, who commands this corps. You understand that this is only one of many armies dotted along from Dunkirk and Boulogne in the north to this, which is the most southerly. The emperor goes from one to the other, inspecting each in its turn, but this is the main body and contains most of the picked troops, so that it is we who see most of him. He is in there at the present moment," he added

in a hushed voice, pointing to the great white tent in the center.

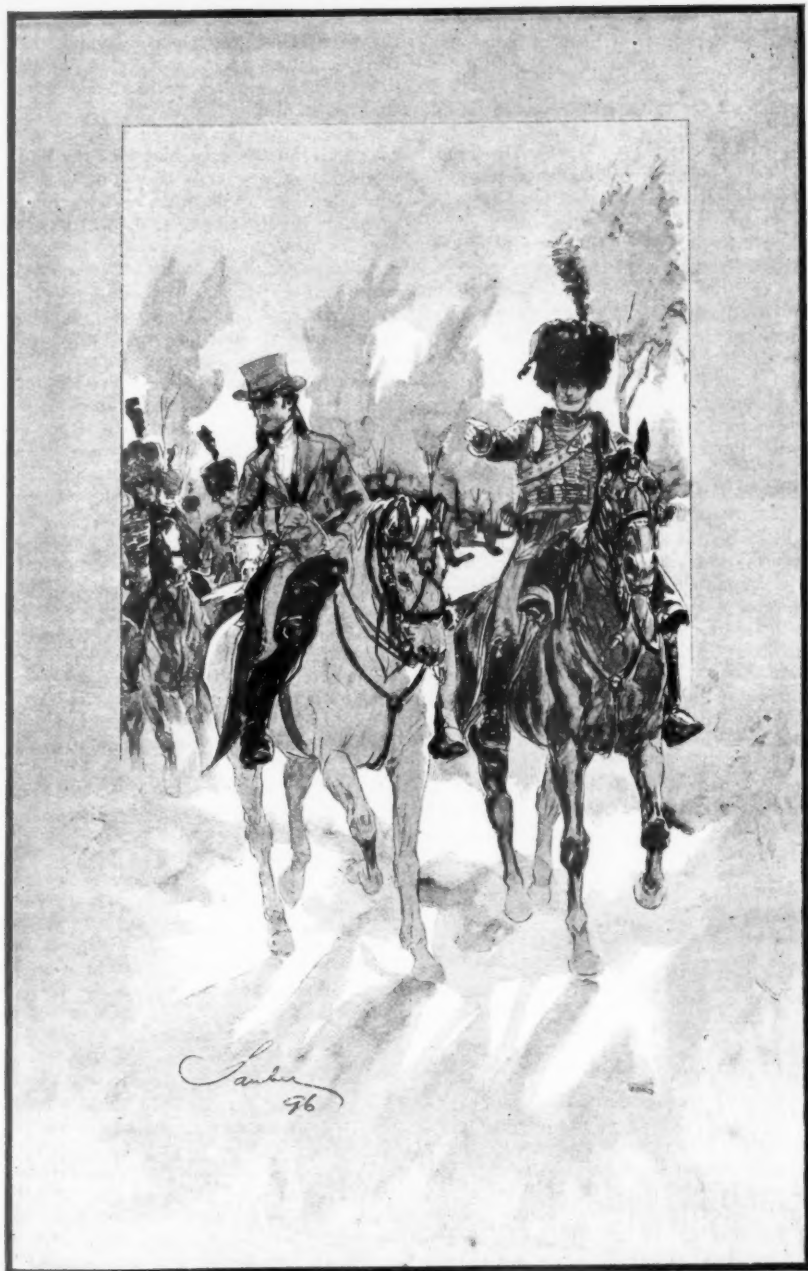
The road into the camp ran through a considerable plain which was covered by bodies of cavalry and infantry engaged upon their drill. We had heard so much in England about Napoleon's troops, and their feats had appeared so extraordinary, that my imagination had prepared me for men of very striking appearance. As a matter of fact, the ordinary infantry of the line in their blue coats and white breeches and gaiters were quite little fellows, and even their high brass-covered hats and red plumes could not make them very imposing. In spite of their size, however, they were tough and wiry, and, after their eighteen months in camp they were trained to the highest pitch of perfection. The ranks were full of veterans, and all the under-officers had seen much service, while the generals in command have never been equaled in ability, so that it was no mean foe which lay with its menacing eyes fixed upon the distant cliffs of England. If Pitt had not been able to place the first navy in the world between the two shores the history of Europe might be very different to-day.

Lieutenant Gérard, seeing the interest with which I gazed at the maneuvering troops, was good enough to satisfy my curiosity about such of them as approached the road along which we were journeying.

"Those fellows on the black horses with the great blue rugs upon their croups are the cuirassiers," said he. "They are so heavy that they cannot raise more than a trot, so when they charge we manage that there shall be a brigade of chasseurs or hussars behind them to follow up the advantage."

"Who is the civilian who is inspecting them?" I asked.

"That is not a civilian, but it is General St. Cyr, who is one of those whom they call the Spartans of the Rhine. They were of opinion that simplicity of life and of dress were part of a good soldier, and so they would wear no uniform beyond a simple blue riding-coat such as you see. St. Cyr is an excellent officer but he is not popular, for he seldom speaks to any one and sometimes shuts himself up, for days at times, in his tent, where he plays upon his violin. I think



Drawn by Sauter.

"THOSE FELLOWS ARE THE CUTRASSIERS," SAID HE.

myself that a soldier is none the worse because he enjoys a glass of good wine or has a smart jacket and a few Brandenburgs across his chest. For my part, I do both, and yet those who know me would tell you that it has not harmed my soldiering. You see this infantry upon the left?"

"The men with the yellow facings?"

"Precisely. Those are Oudinot's famous grenadiers. And the other grenadiers with the red shoulder-knots and the fur hats strapped above their knapsacks are the old Consular Guard, who won Marengo for us. Eighteen hundred of them got the cross of honor after the battle. There is the Fifty-seventh of the Line, which has been named 'the terrible,' and there is the Seventh Light Infantry, who come from the Pyrenees, and who are well known to be the best marchers and the greatest rascals in the army. The light cavalry in green are the Horse Chasseurs of the Guard, sometimes called the Guides, who are said to be the emperor's favorite troops, although he makes a great mistake if he prefers them to the hussars of Berchény. The other cavalry with the green pelisses are also chasseurs, but I cannot tell from here what regiment they are. Their colonel handles them admirably. They are moving to a flank in open column of half-squadrons and then wheeling into line to charge. We could not do it better ourselves. And now, Monsieur de Laval, here we are at the gate of the camp of Boulogne, and it is my duty to take you straight to the emperor's quarters."

X.

THE ANTE-ROOM.

The camp of Boulogne contained at that time one hundred and fifty thousand infantry with fifty thousand cavalry, so that its population was second only to Paris among the cities of France. It was divided into four sections, the right camp, the left camp, the camp of Wimeroux and the camp Ambleteuse, the whole being about a mile in depth and extending along the seashore for a length of about seven miles. On the land side it was open but on the sea side it was fringed by powerful batteries containing mortars and cannon of a size never seen before. These

batteries were placed along the edges of the high cliffs, and their lofty position increased their range, and enabled them to drop their missiles upon the decks of the British ships.

It was a pretty sight to ride through the camp, for the men had been there for more than a year and had done all that could be done to decorate and ornament their tents. Most of them had little gardens in front or around them, and the sun-burned fellows might be seen as we passed kneeling in their shirt sleeves with their spades and their watering-cans in the midst of their flowers. Others sat in the sunshine at the openings of the tents tying up their queues, pipe-claying their belts and polishing their arms, hardly bestowing a glance upon us as we passed, for patrols of cavalry were coming and going in every direction. The endless lines were formed into streets, with their names printed upon boards. Thus we had passed through the Rue d'Arcola, the Rue de Kleber, the Rue d'Egypte, and the Rue d'Artillerie Volante, before we found ourselves in the great central square in which the headquarters of the army was situated.

The emperor at this time used to sleep at a small village called "Pont des brigues," some four miles inland, but his days were spent at the camp, and his continual councils of war were held there. Here also were his ministers, and the generals of the army corps which were scattered up and down the coast came thither to make their reports and to receive their orders. For these consultations a plain wooden house had been constructed, containing one very large room and three small ones. The pavilion which we had observed from the downs served as an ante-chamber to the house in which those who sought audience with the emperor might assemble. It was at the door of this, where a strong guard of grenadiers announced Napoleon's presence, that my guardian sprang down from his horse and signed me to follow his example. The officer of the guard took our names and returned to us accompanied by General Duroc, a thin, hard, dry man of forty, with a formal manner and a suspicious eye.

"Is this Monsieur de Laval?" he asked, with a stiff smile.

I bowed.

"The emperor is very anxious to see you. You are no longer needed, lieutenant."

"I am responsible for bringing him safely, general."

"Very good. You may come in, if you prefer it!" and he passed us into the huge tent, which was unfurnished, save for a row of wooden benches round the side. A number of men in military and naval uniforms were seated upon these, and numerous groups were standing about chatting in subdued tones. At the far end was a door which led into the imperial council chamber. Now and then I saw some man in official dress walk up to this door, scratch gently upon it with his nail, and then as it instantly opened, slip discreetly through, closing it softly behind him. Over the whole assembly there hung an air of the court rather than of the camp, an atmosphere of awe and of reverence which was the more impressive when it affected these bluff soldiers and sailors. The emperor had seemed to me to be formidable in the distance, but I found him even more overwhelming now that he was close at hand.

"You need have no fears, Monsieur de Laval," said my companion; "you are going to have a good reception."

"How do you know that?"

"From General Duroc's manner. In these cursed courts, if the emperor smiles upon you every one smiles, down to that flunkey in the red velvet coat yonder; but if the emperor frowns, why you have only to look at the face of the man who washes the imperial plates and you will see the frown reflected upon it. And the worst of it is, that if you are a plain-witted man you may never find out what earned you the frown or the smile. That is why I had rather wear the shoulder-straps of a lieutenant and be at the side of my squadron with a good horse between my knees and my saber clanking against my stirrup-iron, than have Monsieur Tallyrand's grand hotel in the Rue St. Florentin and his hundred thousand livres of income."

I was still wondering whether the hussar could be right and if the smile with which Duroc had greeted me could mean that the emperor's intentions toward me were friendly, when a very tall and handsome man in a brilliant uniform came

toward me. In spite of the change in his dress I recognised him at once as the Colonel Savary who had commanded the expedition of the night before.

"Well, Monsieur de Laval," said he, shaking hands with me very pleasantly, "you have heard, no doubt, that this fellow Toussac has escaped us. He was really the only one whom we were anxious to seize, for the other is evidently a mere dupe and dreamer. But we shall have him yet, and, between ourselves, we shall keep a very strict guard upon the emperor's person until we do, for Monsieur Toussac is not a man to be despised."

I seemed to feel his great, rough thumb upon my chin as I answered that I thought he was a very dangerous man indeed.

"The emperor will see you presently," said Savary. "He is very busy this morning, but he bade me say that you should have an audience." He smiled and passed on.

"Assuredly you are getting on," whispered Gérard. "There are many good men here who would risk something to have Savary address them as he addressed you. The emperor is certainly going to do something for you. But attention, friend, for here is Monsieur de Tallyrand himself coming toward us."

A singular looking person was shuffling in our direction. He was a man between thirty and forty years of age, largely made about the shoulders and chest, but stooping a good deal and limping heavily on one leg. He walked slowly, leaning upon a silver-headed stick, and his sober suit of black, with silk stockings of the same hue, looked strangely staid among the brilliant uniforms which surrounded him. But in spite of his plain dress there was an expression of great authority upon his shrewd face, and every one drew back with bows and salutes as he moved across the tent.

"Monsieur Louis de Laval," said he, as he stopped in front of me, and his cold gray eyes played over me from head to heel.

I bowed, and with some coldness, for I shared the dislike which my father used to profess for this unfrocked priest and perjured politician, but his manner was so polished and engaging that it was hard to hold out against it.

"I knew your cousin de Rohan very well indeed," said he; "we were two rascals together when the world was not quite so serious as it is at present. I believe that you are related to the Cardinal de Montmorency de Laval, who is also an old friend of mine. I understand that you are about to offer your services to the emperor?"

"I have come from England for that purpose, sir."

"And met with some little adventure immediately upon your arrival, as I understand. I have heard the story of the worthy police agent, the two Jacobins and the lonely hut. Well, you have seen the dangers to which the emperor is exposed and it may make you the more zealous in his service. Where is your uncle, Monsieur Bernac?"

"He is at the Castle Gronbois."

"Do you know him well?"

"I have not seen him until yesterday."

"He is a very useful servant of the emperor, but—but—" he inclined his head downward to my ear, "some more congenial service will be found for you, Monsieur de Laval," and so with a bow he whisked round, and tapped his way across the tent again.

"Why, my friend, you are certainly destined for something great," said the hussar lieutenant. "Monsieur de Talleyrand does not waste his smiles and his bows, I promise you. He knows which way the wind blows before he flies his kite, and I foresee that I shall be asking for your interest to get me my captaincy in this English campaign. Ah, the council of war is at an end."

As he spoke the inner door of the great tent opened and a small knot of men came through dressed in the dark-blue coats with trimmings of gold oak leaves which marked the marshals of the empire. They were all men who had hardly reached their middle age, and who in any other army might have been considered fortunate if they had gained the command of a regiment; but the continuous wars and the open system by which rules of seniority yielded to merit had opened up a rapid career to a successful soldier. Each carried his curved cocked hat under his arm, and now, leaning upon their sword hilts, they fell into a little circle and chatted eagerly among themselves.

"You are a man of family, are you not?" asked my hussar.

"I am of the same blood as the de Rohans and the Montmorencies."

"So I had understood. Well, then, you will understand that there have been some changes in this country when I tell you that those men who, under the emperor, are the greatest in the country, have been the one a waiter, the next a wine smuggler, the next a cooper of barrels and the next a house-painter. Those are the trades which gave us Murat, Massena, Ney and Lannes."

Aristocrat as I was, no names had ever thrilled me as those did, and I eagerly asked him to point out each of these famous soldiers.

"Oh, there are many famous soldiers in the room," said he. "Besides," he added, twisting his moustache, "there may be junior officers here who have it in them to rise higher than any of them. But there is Ney to the right."

I saw a man with close-cropped red hair, and a large square-jawed face, such as I have seen upon an English prize-fighter.

"We call him 'Peter the Red' and sometimes 'The Red Lion' in the army," said my companion. "He is said to be the bravest man in the army, though I cannot admit that he is braver than some other people whom I could mention. Still he is undoubtedly a very good leader."

"And the general next to him?" I asked. "Why does he carry his head all upon one side?"

"That is General Lannes, and he carries his head on his left shoulder because he was shot through the neck at the siege of Saint Jean d'Arc. He is a Gascon, like myself, but I fear that he gives some ground to those who accuse my countrymen of being a little talkative and quarrelsome. But monsieur smiles?"

"You are mistaken."

"I thought that perhaps something which I had said might have amused monsieur. I thought that possibly he meant that Gascons really were quarrelsome, instead of being, as I contend, the mildest race in France—an opinion which I am always ready to uphold in any way which may be suggested. But, as I say, Lannes is a very valiant man, though occasionally, perhaps, a trifle hot-headed."

(To be continued.)



BY W. M. GRAY.

FOR the past few thousand years writers on ostriches have been strangely misinforming the public.

Some of them state that ostriches are savage, cruel, stupid and cowardly; that they live in the desert, and seldom, if ever, feel thirst. Others say they are brave, intelligent and inoffensive; that they live in the green valleys and drink abundantly. One authority states that an ostrich with two men on its back can outrun the fleetest horse; whereas another claims they are never ridden, and that a man on horseback can easily run down the wildest bird.

Most modern writers agree that the story about ostriches leaving their eggs in the sun to hatch is all a myth, but the intelligent public still persists in believing, and the infallible encyclopædia in recording, this ridiculous statement. Of this bird Pliny, the ancient Roman naturalist, has this to say: "The veriest fools they be of all others; if they thrust their head and neck once into any shrub or bush and get it hidden, they think they are safe enough, and that no man seeth them." That is another popular error, for no ostrich ever made such a fool of himself.

There are at present only three ostrich-raising farms in the United States. To get at the truth of the matter the writer spent a day with Mr. Edwin Cawston, proprietor of the largest of these farms.

He is the only ostrich raiser who imported his birds from Africa and has remained in the business since. Mr. Cawston reached California with forty-two birds, which were brought over in a chartered ship in 1886, before the present prohibitory duty of five hundred dollars a bird covered all South African territory. His farm, forty acres in extent, is situated at Norwalk, eighteen miles from Los Angeles, and contains nearly two hundred native ostriches, all but one of the African birds having died off, unable to survive the long journey and change of climate. It has only been within a few years that the native birds have been old enough to lay, which accounts for the apparently small result of a ten years' trial. But over three hundred birds have been raised on this farm during that time, and the chicks from now on will increase at the rate of at least a hundred a year.

Upon arriving at the farm the first thing noticed was a group of young ostriches about four months old and five feet tall, near the house, curiously watching a small boy climb a tree, and trying to eat the knobs on the baby carriage. The chicks, which were from the size of hens up, were also running about the yard, presenting an exceedingly odd appearance.

A number of the best feathered birds were penned off in pairs for breeding purposes in separate corrals, of which there

were five to an acre, with a six-foot passage way between each to keep the male birds from fighting. In South Africa, where there are two or three thousand acres to a farm, such small corrals would be laughed at; and even here it was thought necessary at first for each inclosure to contain an acre. But the experiment at Norwalk has proved very successful, and the birds are spending their lives in their present narrow quarters in a very healthy and happy con-

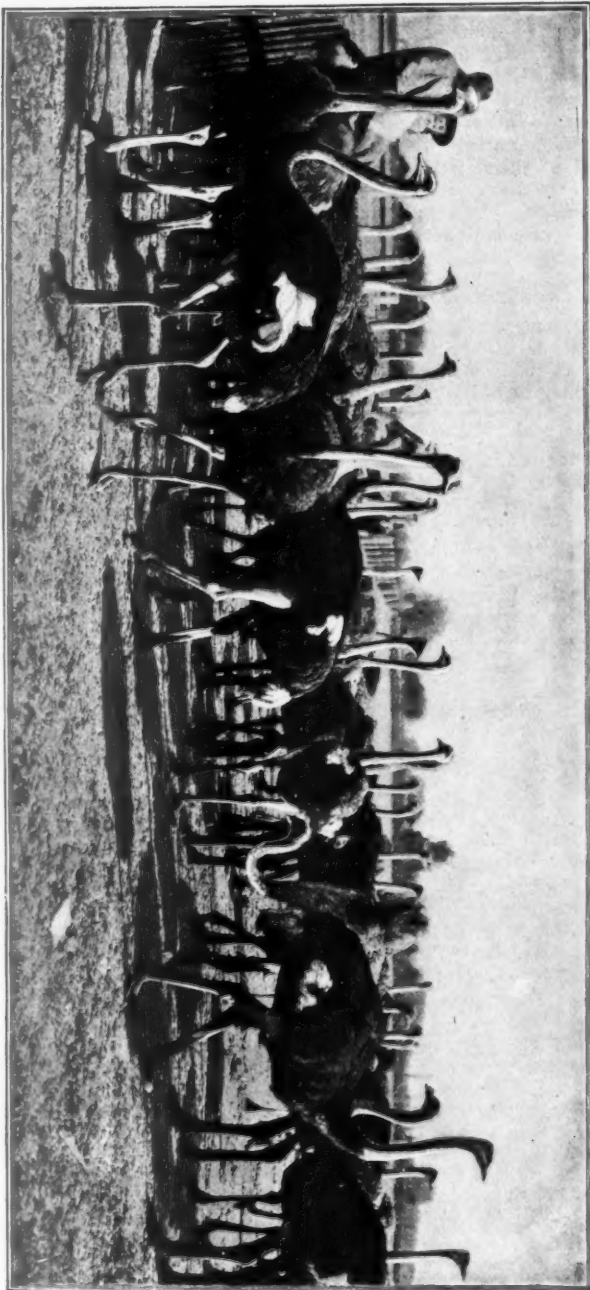
After the rainy season is over the male bird scoops out a round hole in the sand about three feet across and a foot deep, in which the hen does her laying, after she is three or four years old. One egg is laid every other day until there are twelve to fifteen in the nest, lying there naturally, not placed carefully on end, as frequently stated. During this period, before sitting begins, a little sand is placed on the top of each egg by the hen to protect it from the heat of the sun.



BREEDING BIRDS AND THEIR NEST.

dition. By being well fed they are kept even in better condition than the birds running in "troops." These breeding birds are very vicious during the laying season. The attendants never dare go in the corrals with them, for fear of their lives. Ostriches can strike a terrific forward and downward blow with their feet, and with incredible quickness. They have been known to injure a horse so severely that it had to be shot.

This may have given rise to the burying-in-the-sand theory. As soon as the full number of eggs are laid, both birds do their share of the hatching, incubation lasting forty-two days. The male bird does most of the work, sitting from four or five in the afternoon until nine o'clock in the morning, when the hen takes her turn for the day, with an hour off at noon, during which time she is relieved by her mate. A good pair will keep this



A TROOP OF PILL-CROWN BIRDS.

up with great regularity till it is time for the chicks to arrive, when the mother will often help them out by pressing the eggs with her breast-bone, sometimes even seizing a chick by its head in her broad beak and literally shaking it out of its shell.

It is interesting to watch the birds carefully settle down upon the nest and dispose of their long legs among the eggs. And yet a standard book of reference describes the hatching as follows: "As the ostrich is extremely large and heavy, she would break her eggs if she were to sit upon them like other birds; she therefore hides them in the sand, watches them, and hatches them, as it were, with her eye."

Occasionally an ostrich, as also a man, becomes possessed of a desire to relieve his wife of all her duties and quietly insists upon sitting all the time on the eggs while she walks abroad in search of food and recreation.

The chicks are taken away from the old birds as soon as hatched and raised near the house, being kept warm at night in well covered boxes. This is done so that

another sitting may be obtained the same season. Raising two batches of chicks in this manner by the natural method has proven more satisfactory at Norwalk than artificial incubation, though the incubator is sometimes used. Whenever the chicks are raised by their parents the latter are very proud of them, letting them run about during the day and brooding them only at night.

It was stated a few years ago that a pair of birds in their prime would raise from forty to seventy chicks a year for five successive years, but in point of fact an average of ten chicks a year for that length of time is all that can be expected, although as many as thirty-two chicks have been taken from one pair of birds in a single year. If the eggs are taken away from the nest a good many more will be laid, but a much smaller proportion of chicks are hatched when the incubator is used.

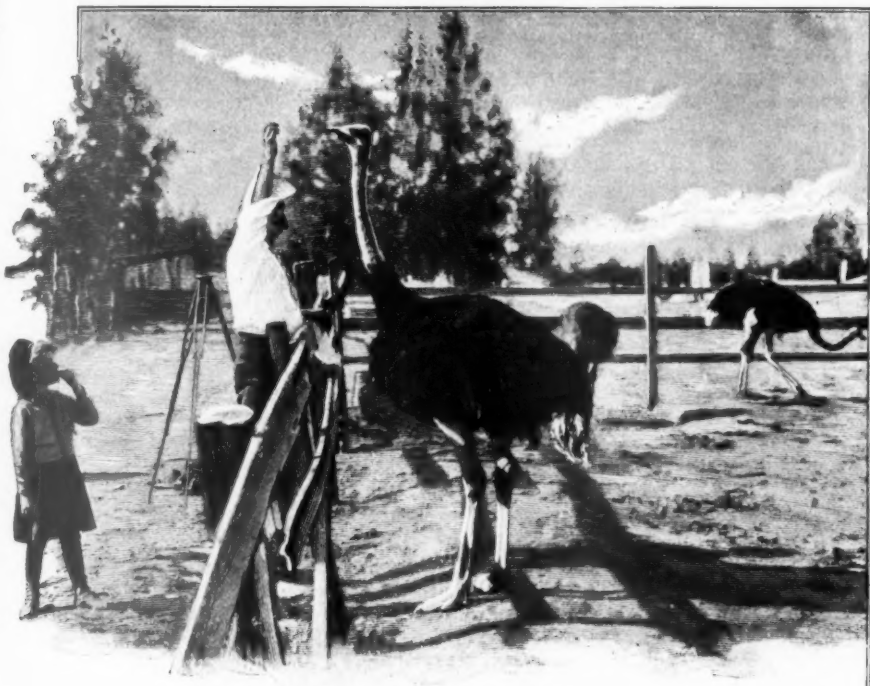
All the ostriches over four or five months old, except the breeding birds, run in "troops" in large pastures during the day; at night they are placed in a picket-fence inclosure to protect them

from the dogs and coyotes. Although an ostrich will charge a man on horseback, it is afraid of a dog or any other small animal. The reason for this is that an ostrich cannot strike a heavy blow with its foot at less than three feet above the ground. When a man is attacked by an ostrich he can gain some safety by lying down, otherwise he is apt to be killed, unless he has a rake or long, forked stick to place against the bird's neck and so keep it out of kicking distance, the big toe or claw being very sharp and powerful.

The ostrich measures over seven feet in height, weighs two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds, and lives on an average about seventy years. It eats two and one-half or three pounds of alfalfa hay and seven pounds of sugar-beets per day—not "forty pounds of alfalfa, besides its other food," as has been stated. The feed for one cow will support ten ostriches. The ostrich also eats some corn, and picks up pebbles, ground bones, etc., these hard substances being used to grind the food in the stomach. The little chicks when a few days old will eat the fresh alfalfa and pick up little pieces of gravel. But



GROUP OF YOUNG OSTRICHES.



AS HIGH AS A MAN CAN REACH.

according to an encyclopædia, they cannot digest the hard food their parents eat, so thirty eggs are left lying about the nest before the sitting begins, for the new-born chicks to feed upon. Imagine their poor little stomachs struggling with those thirty great, big, six weeks' old, baked-in-the-sun eggs, when one fresh egg alone has provided an omelet for twenty-eight human beings!

The forty acres at Norwalk not only furnish running-room and pastures for the birds, but all their food is raised on the farm except the bulk of the hay, which has to be bought. However, not less than twenty acres of land should be provided for every hundred birds.

An ostrich will swallow almost anything it can get, such as oranges, nails, nuts, leather, beets, and pieces of wood and iron. Among other things, they have been seen to swallow a gimlet, a watch, a lighted pipe, a sock, and a rolled-up newspaper.

The eggs weigh three to three and a

half pounds each, and are equal to more than two dozen hens' eggs. The shells, which are very hard and strong, are frequently used for souvenirs, after being fancifully decorated.

The feathers of the ostrich are, of course, what it is raised for. There are about a thousand on each bird. All of them are put to some use, including those picked up on the ground, which the birds shed. Only about three hundred of the largest and best feathers are plucked, from the wings and tail. The most valuable of these are the twenty-five long, white plumes that grow on each wing of the male. The rest of the feathers are black on the male, and drab or grayish on the female.

Plucking takes place every eight or nine months from the time the birds are eight months old, and is quite an interesting sight. The birds are driven into a small corral, and from there, one at a time, into a narrow V-shaped boarded place with a door at the end, which is

opened to let the ostrich out after it is plucked. During the operation a long, narrow bag, shaped like a stocking, is placed over the head of the bird to blind-fold him, so he will remain quiet; there is a hole left in the end of the bag through which he sticks his beak to breathe. But still care must be taken to keep back of the bird to avoid being kicked.

Great care must be taken in the plucking, as carelessness or mistakes may interfere with the future growth of the feathers, and the harm done can never be repaired. The large wing-feathers are cut off with short, heavy scissors, leaving about three inches of the stumps, which are pulled out from two to four months afterward. The tails and all the short

genuine article." There are no others. Even a Yankee wouldn't try to palm off a chicken's for an ostrich feather.

At the feather dresser's in San Francisco, the first step in the "manufacture" is to tie the feathers on strings about four feet long, according to their size. They are next scoured, cleaned in soap suds and rinsed in several clear waters, after which they are dyed various different colors. The glossy black feathers are dyed from the natural black only, and are more valuable than the drab. The white are obtained by bleaching the best natural white ones, and are the only feathers not dyed.

After dyeing, which is a tedious and hard task, the feathers are again rinsed,



YOUNG BIRDS BEFORE THE FIRST PLUCKING.

feathers are pulled out first. After the plucking the feathers are taken to one of the buildings on the farm and "graded" into about twenty various lengths and colors, tied up in bundles, weighed and sent to the ostrich-feather dresser's or the manufacturer, where they have to go through a long process of preparation before they are worthy to grace a modern lady's hat. In the "French tip" at the milliner's one would hardly recognize the two or three raw ostrich feathers which, sewed together, compose it.

A lady at Norwalk last winter, upon seeing the feather exhibit, said to her friends, "Here is where you get your *real* ostrich feathers, ladies. This is the

dipped in clear water containing starch, and beaten on a smooth board. They are then sent to the work-room, "graded" and sewed together by twos, threes or fours; after which they are steamed, curled into their graceful shape, and then passed on to the buncher, who combs and bends them according to the fashion of the day, without which they would be valueless.

At last they are packed and ready for the market, where, chiefly through the profits of the jobber and retailer, they are found to be extremely expensive.

The California feathers are certainly equal, if not superior, to those from South Africa, but as American ladies are sup-

posed to have a weakness for anything "foreign," American feathers have often been sent to London and returned to this country to find a market, with the necessary foreign stamp. London is the mart of the world for ostrich feathers, twenty to thirty tons of them being sold there at auction every two months. Over seven million dollars' worth of raw feathers are shipped from South Africa annually, while less than ten thousand dollars' worth are raised in this country.

There are thousands of acres of land in California fitted for ostrich raising, and there is no reason why it should not become an important industry there before many years, the experiment having already become an assured success.

The feathers from each bird are worth thirty dollars a year to the producer, and the cost of keeping the birds, including labor, is not much in proportion. There was a time when birds sold in Africa as high as five thousand dollars a pair, but now any one wishing to start a farm in California can buy three-months-old

chicks for fifty dollars a pair or less, and raise them himself.

Several farms that were started some ten years ago have failed, probably from an attempt to run them as a sort of zoölogical garden instead of attending to raising ostriches for their feathers.

Besides the large farm at Norwalk, there is one at Fullerton, California, moved there from Anaheim, and one at Phoenix, Arizona. Each contains about one hundred birds, and both are doing exceedingly well.

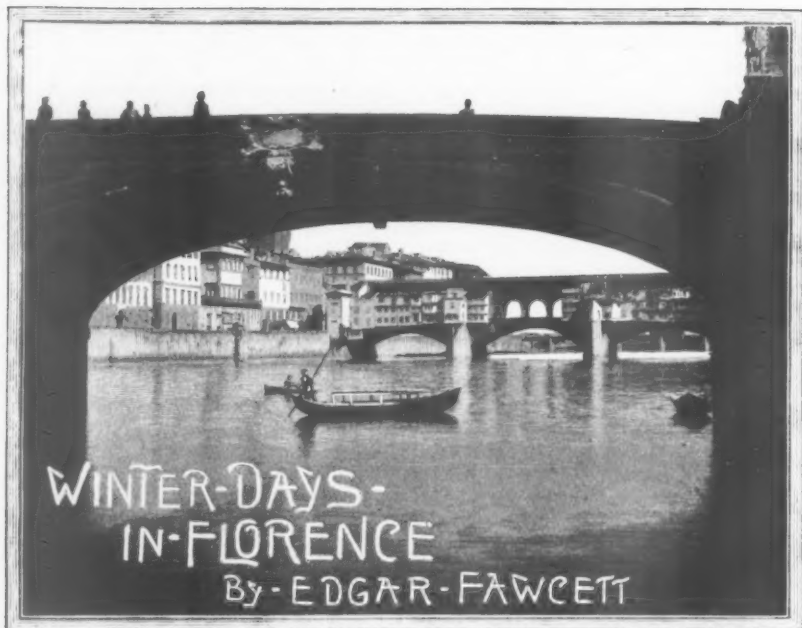
There is a small show farm of twenty-three birds at Coronado Beach, California, and a farm has also been started in Florida, fifteen birds having been sent there from California last year. There is a picturesque show farm embracing six acres at South Pasadena, California, six miles from Los Angeles, which is the most accessible of any of the farms for visitors who wish to observe the habits of this singular and much maligned bird, with its stately, bobbing head and its hoarse and mournful cry.

THE CRY OF THE HUMAN.

BY KATHLEEN GRAY NELSON.

OUT in the silent dark I grope alone,
 With human fingers tangling up the thread
 Of God's eternal truth. Sullen I moan:
 "The light is only for the dead—b'less'd dead."





WHENEVER this gem of cities comes sparkling into my memory, I have sensations which may best be defined, I suppose, as theatric. I somehow cannot think of Florence except as the faultlessly painted background of a mediæval play. We who go there and tread its dim old streets, and lounge on the bridges that span its little saffron river, are the spectators, the audience, as a matter of course. And the play itself?—why, the play continues interminably. Each dawn, each noon, each sunset seems to have part in it. Every lower window, with its stout iron checkerwork, suggests an imprisoned maiden; every higher window hints of an ambushed sentinel with a sixteenth century arquebus and a melodramatic scowl. The drowsy archways bespeak gathered conspirators. The inconspicuous doors, opening directly off the narrow pavements, make you dream of a wounded hero suddenly dragged inward from murderous foes (that old trick of the elder Dumas and his myriad imitators!) by a rescuing force, feminine, mysterious and inexpressibly fair.

The modern atmosphere of Florence is

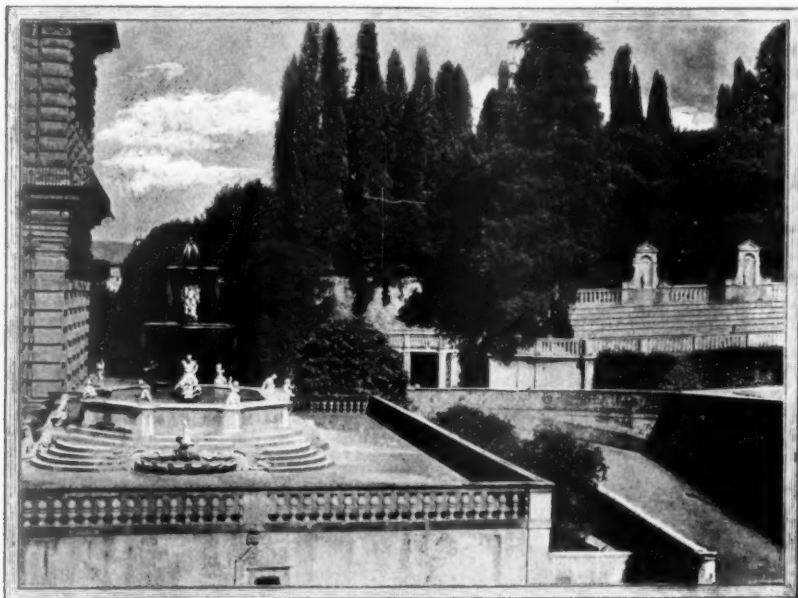
so easily translatable into the antique one, that you need no rich dower of imagination to garb half the pedestrians you meet in jerkin and hose, in rapier and cloak. Naples often bores with its modernity of screeching cabmen and procession of organ-grinders. Rome has boulevards, nowadays, that make you remember all the up-to-date blazonries and dissipations of Paris. But Florence, though threatened with ravages of the picturesque, still holds her own authentic and native memorials. True, one can dine here admirably in more than a single restaurant. Chief among these is Doney's—the Florentine Delmonico's—on the brilliant and elegant Via Tornabuoni, scarcely a hundred yards from the superb pillar where Cosimo de' Medici gazes in sempiternal porphyry over the stream his reign has helped to make historic. On a pleasant March morning I know nothing more delightful than to mark the constant tide of Americans and English that swarm this glittering, shop-lined Bond street of the darling flower-famed, flower-named town. It is, so to speak, a to-day set in the heart of numberless environing

yesterdays. You buy all that you want there, from a mackintosh to a tooth-brush, from a Cook's ticket for Athens or Palermo to a pint of patent medicine, and then you stroll a few steps onward and stand below the gloomy grandeurs of the Strozzi Palace.

Never of the least importance in old Roman days, Florence has no memories of the Cæsars, no mutilated "baths" like those of Caracalla and Diocletian, no shattered temples or plundered tombs. To those who only cherish classicism she can bring slight exhilarant charm. Her influences are Gothic, monastic, "cinque

open arches and three pillars, lifted by six steps above the level of the square. It is filled with statues, three of which are masterpieces—Donatello's "Judith and Holofernes," Benvenuto Cellini's "Perseus," and Giovanni da Bologna's "Rape of the Sabines."

For the Perseus, a figure in greenish bronze, raising aloft with one hand the head of the Gorgon, Medusa, no species of laudation could be too emphatic. The late J. Addington Symonds, a critic of ill-appreciated excellence, declares that it is informed with "'bravura' brilliancy." I think this praise keyed too low, for the



BOBOLI GARDENS.

cento," rococo, glamorous, everything that means the middle ages and the good or evil deeds thence resultant; but they reflect no periods when marble circuses were reared, when Olympian games flourished, or when oracles droned their riddles to reverent crowds. Of course the sculpture of Florence is a direct Greek inheritance. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the beautiful little Piazza della Signoria, only a few steps from the promenade of the Lung' Arno on its western side. Here we have the matchless Loggia de' Lanzi, a roofed platform with three

majesty of the work amazed me as having been wrought by one whose name usually recurs to us as that of a goldsmith, a silversmith, a carver of small inestimable images—Madonnas, in chalcedony and onyx; crucifixes of marvelous ivory or nateness, apostles and saints whose vestures were crusted with choicest gems. But John of Bologna's statue is even grander still. I have seen nothing in antique art which more than equals it, and among the numerous sculptures of Michelangelo (so many of them left deplorably unfinished!) I recall none that thrilled me

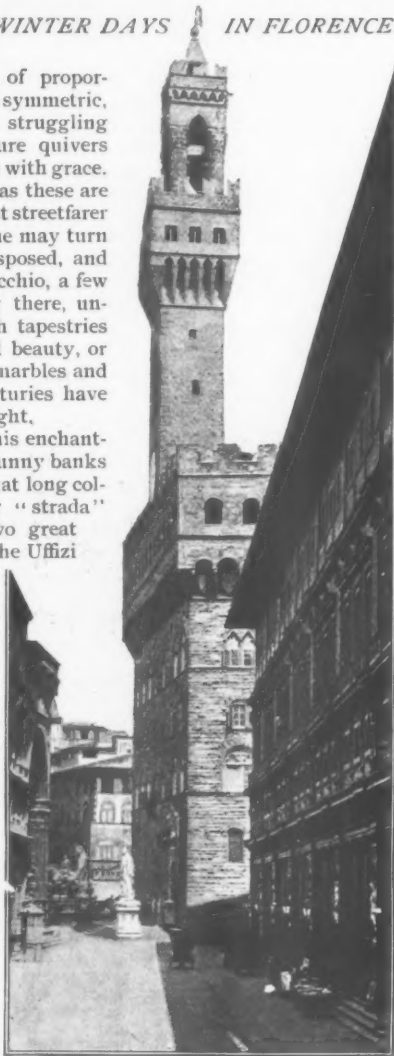
as keenly. A man, of proportions nobly virile and symmetric, raises high in air a struggling woman, whose posture quivers with fright yet teems with grace. Such glories of art as these are free for the commonest streetfarer to gaze upon. And he may turn to his left, if so disposed, and enter the Palazzo Vecchio, a few steps away, viewing there, unfeed, halls hung with tapestries of peerless rarity and beauty, or stored with frescoes, marbles and bronzes that for centuries have been the world's delight.

One approach to this enchanting square is off the sunny banks of Arno itself, into that long colonnaded crepuscular "strada" which divides the two great structural bulks of the Uffizi

Palace. Either side of this strange mixture of courtyard and street are alcoves containing statues of great dead writers, like Dante and Boccaccio; great dead architects and sculptors, like Brunelleschi and Giotto; great dead painters, like Raffaele and Leonardo da Vinci. This double row of white forms, gleaming from the dimness, is marvelously impressive. People passing to and fro in the lateral arcades just behind seemed to me oddly heedless of the whole

ghostly and majestic array. For that matter, it is not fashionable to speak of these statues as endowed with any marked merit, their authors being mostly men of small fame. But I could not help thinking that if such accurate and finished workmanship was poor, how its alleged inferiority might shine beside some of our bronze Central Park atrocities, or say the libelous "Lincoln," in Union Square!

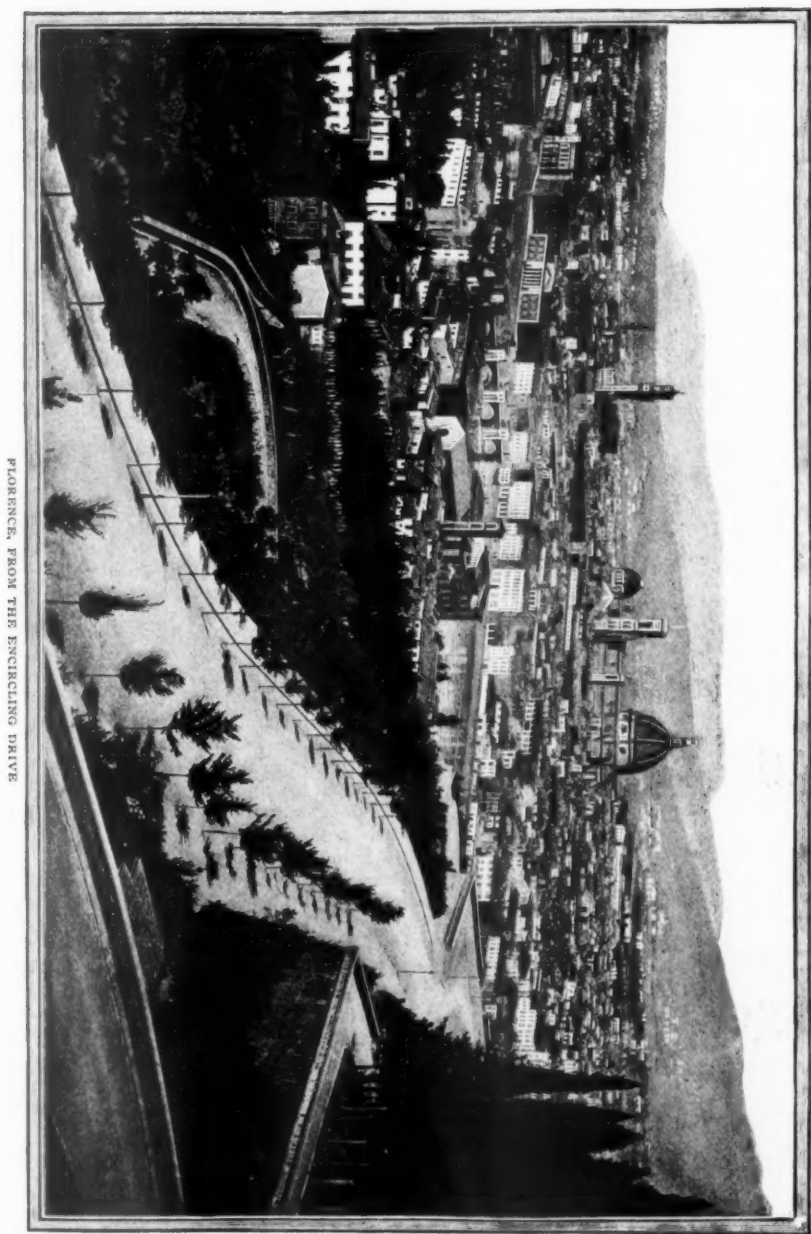
Picturesqueness, which is the dominating trait of all Florentine out-door life,



THE UFFIZI PALACE.

many yards of water it spans, but certainly their number is not high among the hundreds; for, after all, this illustrious Arno is merely a miniature river, and the Thames at Chelsea must be twice its breadth. Yet the Ponte Vecchio, so packed and crammed with reminiscence, playing still so prodigiously important a part both in the landscape and celebrity of Florence, makes you forget to measure it by rule and line. You think of it as hallowed by the mystery of death and yet still a

reaches an impassable limit in the Ponte Vecchio, the old Jeweler's Bridge, Taddeo Gaddi's "magnum opus." Through it continuously pulsates the very heart-blood of Florence, for it is located in her busiest portion, at the center of commercial and social activities. Never have I crossed it at any hour of the day that it was not crowded, and always it wears the same "bariolé," gala look. Pinchbeck is plentiful, but jewelry of richness and great taste also abounds here, in the numberless little shops. Surely this old bridge is unique. Built centuries ago, it is saturated with momentous memories, with the savor of ancient frays and forays, with the odor of history and legend and tradition. Over it runs the hidden passageway which connects two vast palaces, perhaps the two which are most famous (except the Louvre and Vatican) now in existence. I don't know how



FLORENCE, FROM THE ENCIRCLING DRIVE

throbbing and vital artery between two sources of almost imperishable life; for there is scarcely a choice, when all is said, regarding the opulence of treasure stored in either of those proud palaces which the grand-dukes of Florence linked together. Midway, as you traverse it, you reach a large open space, and thence, north and south, you gaze upon unforgettable pictures. The gabled roofs throng and cluster about each bank. Quaintness vies with color; all lies ready for the artist's brush; the most bungling of kodaks can reap nothing here, save delicious souvenirs. But other bridges of Florence, the Ponte alle Grazie, the Ponte alla Carraja, and the Ponte Santa Trinita, all give you enrapturing views. These are indeed more fortunate as vantages for the roaming and exploring vision, since they are open, and the prospects they afford include the full witchery of this wondrous Tuscan valley. We speak of the Arno as

a yellow stream; but I have seen it deepen to scintillant gold, while fretted also with violet and crimson. It is a sensitive mirror for all the mutable glories of its embosoming mountains. Fiesole, Val-lombrosa, the Carrara hills, the heights from which gleam Galileo's tower and the façade of San Miniato, all are at once its haughty sentinels and its loving, inalienable comrades.

The churches of Florence always disappoint when you enter them. Their interior architecture is, for the most part, admirable, yet you tire of the constant coldness and austerity and gloom which they encompass. I confess that the chill and dusky enormity of the Duomo has repeatedly left me baffled, unsatisfied, repulsed. Its paintings, if any there are, I have always failed to see, and its frescoes have defeated me as well. Its lovely stained glass windows—some of them, I believe, the work of Luca della Robbia himself—are not to be overlooked by the most indifferent, so vividly do they forever flower out into the gloom, lending a cheer to the grim aisles and stern stone arches which they overstar. All the churches of Florence, except that of the Annunziata, are, inwardly, charmless. But what shall we say of the greatest of them all—the cathedral itself—as an edifice, regarded from without? Encrusted with precious marbles, it may seem, to the hypercritical, too ornate. But its enormous size and noble harmonious proportions make this charge, in the end, futile. All that it needs in order to give its blended ornamentation and dignity their due nobility of effect is a surrounding amplitude of space. Then the Byzantine floridness of its immense walls and the lordliness of its double cupola would indeed appear, to quote the words of Michelet, "as a strong man in the morning, rising from his bed without the need of staff or crutch."

Over the Campanile of Giotto, close beside this marvel of ecclesiastic design, hundreds of eulogists have raved; none more eloquently than our own silver-tongued Longfellow, however, when he so eloquently called it:

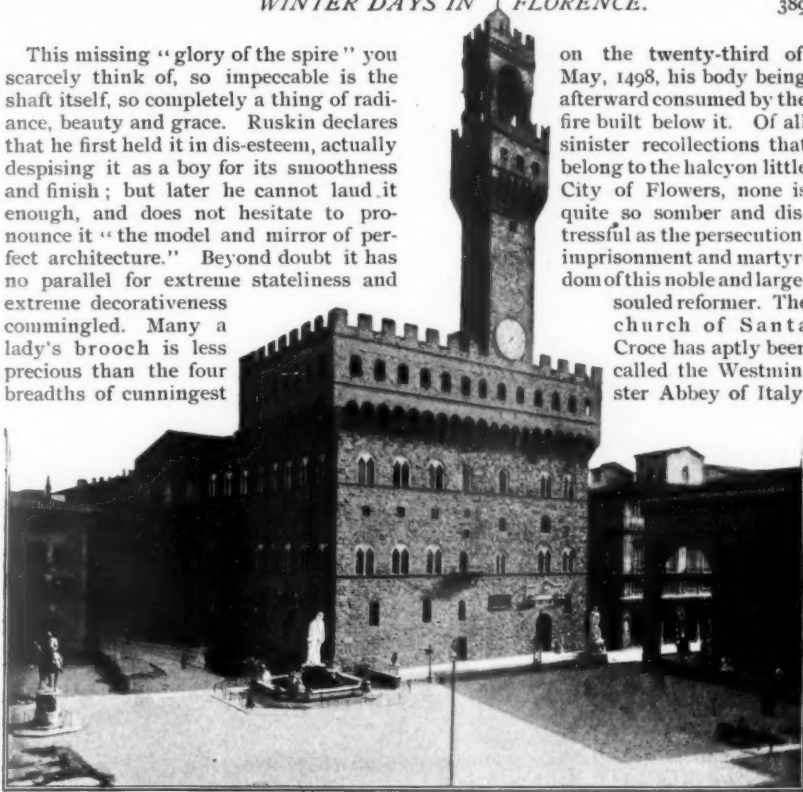
"The lily of Florence, blossoming in stone—
A vision, a delight and a desire,
The builder's perfect and centennial flower
That in the night of ages bloomed alone—
Yet waiting still the glory of the spire."



THE LOGGIA DE' LANZI.

This missing "glory of the spire" you scarcely think of, so impeccable is the shaft itself, so completely a thing of radiance, beauty and grace. Ruskin declares that he first held it in dis-esteem, actually despising it as a boy for its smoothness and finish; but later he cannot laud it enough, and does not hesitate to pronounce it "the model and mirror of perfect architecture." Beyond doubt it has no parallel for extreme stateliness and extreme decorativeness commingled. Many a lady's brooch is less precious than the four breadths of cunningest

on the twenty-third of May, 1498, his body being afterward consumed by the fire built below it. Of all sinister recollections that belong to the halcyon little City of Flowers, none is quite so somber and distressful as the persecution, imprisonment and martyrdom of this noble and large-souled reformer. The church of Santa Croce has aptly been called the Westminster Abbey of Italy,



PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA.

mosaic-work it rears to air. But the medallions and arabesques of blooming color bedded in its alabaster do not detract, however faintly, from its imperial and ethereal spring and lift.

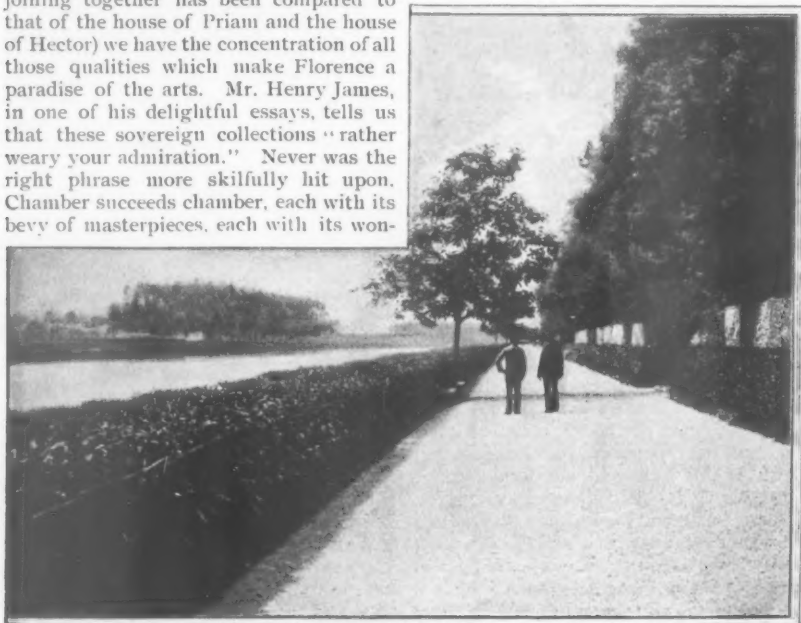
Still, for indescribable airiness the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, in my own judgment, surpasses it. Never, as it appears to me, has there been so triumphant a union of compactness, elegance and power. It was here that Savonarola spent the last captive weeks of his life, and by raising one's eyes to that crenelated bulge in the tower, a little higher than midway between the huge round clock at its base and the final slender crest above its belfry, one may vaguely discern the awful beginnings of a world-renowned drama which ended with such lurid ghastliness on the square below. Here, for reasons which strike our modern age as ridiculous, a man of great intellect and flawless purity was hanged in chains

for it contains many tombs of her most renowned sons. Michelangelo is buried here, and Dante, and Machiavelli, and the poet Alfieri, whose monument no less famous a sculptor than Canova wrought at the desire of his sorrowing innamorata, the Countess of Albany. It is said that Alfieri's first longings for fame were roused in him while he wandered through Santa Croce, among these "cold hic jacets" of the mighty dead. He whom Byron called in "Childe Harold" "the starry Galileo" is also at rest here, though his tower, up on the heights close beside the convent of San Miniato, struck me as a far more fitting emblem of his unperished greatness. By rugged, coiling steps you ascend this weather-beaten old pile of granite, and you must be young and very hardy to gain its summit without gasping for breath. Thence, however, the view of Florence is as fine as any that I know—as fine as that from opposite

Fiesole, with her snowy villas lying scattered like big white fallen lilies along her flanks and slopes. I should have loved to stand at night on the top of this intensely memorable structure, when there was no moon and the stars clustered pale and prodigal in the dark-violet Italian heaven. At such a time the thought of how Galileo first gazed at infinity through the tube which his genius had wrought with such epoch-making invention would have thrilled past all portrayal of speech! They tell us wondrous tales, nowadays, of the huge Lick telescope in our own remote West, and of a still more gigantic and potent glass which will soon be erected on one of the Mexican mountains. But of all fresh progress in astronomic science, this lofty and lonely figure must forever stand as the splendid instigator and originator. Against a background of almost diabolic opposition and discouragement it looms with unfading brilliancy; and Florence has no prouder boast than that here, where art so grandly flourished, this Raphael and Dante of science found also his fostering home.

In the Uffizi and Pitti palaces (whose joining together has been compared to that of the house of Priam and the house of Hector) we have the concentration of all those qualities which make Florence a paradise of the arts. Mr. Henry James, in one of his delightful essays, tells us that these sovereign collections "rather weary your admiration." Never was the right phrase more skilfully hit upon. Chamber succeeds chamber, each with its bevy of masterpieces, each with its won-

derful inlaid floor; its enormously high ceiling frescoed by some famed dead hand; its table, or sometimes its cabinet, redolent of the old Florentine lapidaries and artisans; its furniture, in which dead Medicis and Tornabuonis and Orsinis and Colonnas, and heaven knows what other princely and ducal personages, have sat. You can gaze from one of the immense arched windows, and see, between a Titian and an Andrea del Sarto, the river sliding under its bridges, and the city in its continuous little quiet ferment of comings and goings, and the dear, ineludible spires and towers, and lastly the ever-variant framework of hills crowded up in amphitheatric density against the amethyst horizon. And between those neighbor hills and these sumptuous halls, hung with canvases that people come thousands of miles to look upon, there is a bond of indissoluble kinship; for yonder, among the scattered upland hamlets, poor and humble boys like Giotto and Ghirlandaio and Fra Angelico first dreamed those dreams of immortality which are so brightly substantiated here. Passing over the Ponte Vecchio through



CASCINE GARDENS.



CONVENT OF SAN MINIATO.

the long gallery uniting the two palaces gave me an odd sensation of mystery and dreaminess. It is a decidedly long gallery, and it is narrow enough for the feeble light dispensed by its infrequent windows to produce an incessant dusk. This effect would be commonplace enough if the walls were not thickly lined on either side by numberless portraits. Probably some of these are ill-painted, and the ever-abiding twilight of the place helps them both in tinting and draftsmanship. But I stared at many of them rather closely in my somewhat hurried transit, and not seldom I saw, or seemed to see, certain virile lines and shadings that suggested Rembrandt, Van Dyke, or even the great Velasquez himself. This may have been flatteringly due to the dimness; I should not for an instant deny that it was, for the entire gloom-wrapped assemblage has been declared "unimportant" by critics whose dicta probably antedated my own birth. But whether the innumerable faces that unceasingly confronted and followed me were or were not of the best art, they certainly appeared most real and living as I moved along. More than this, they almost addressed me palpably from a once pregnant and life-

teeming past—dukes in their ruffs and medals, duchesses in their velvets and satins and pearls, mitred bishops in their silken robes, warriors in their steely hauberks and casques, cardinals in their crimson vestments, or plainer courtiers and "dames d'honneur" in their feathers, brocades, coifs, farthingales, brodered mantles and painted semblances of every gem, from agate to diamond, from turquoise to ruby. And all, incontestably, had once lived and breathed, though their "ritratti" were stowed inconspicuously away here in this tenebrous and condemning retreat! What a satire upon greatness! What a solemn yet pictorial catacomb, far more appealing and appalling than those dismal and monotonous subterranean crypts where in Rome or Paris we may view only gruesome skeletons or moldering bones! I often tell myself that, if I ever revisit Florence, I shall spend hours among these vague-lit lords and ladies, peering into their various lineaments and paying them that tribute of attention which so few visitors ever deign to pay them now—once the ornaments of courts, the stars of fashion, the themes of myriad gossiping tongues, the companions, advisers, friends, aides, good or evil

geniuses, of royalty, and now and then even royalty itself.

Too slight a space is left for any adequate description of the walks and drives about Florence. Within the city itself are the fascinating Boboli Gardens, close to the Pitti Palace, and marvelous for their bosky masses of evergreen foliage, their vistas, ending in mossed marble fountains; their mildewed statues and carven benches and lovely shadowy pathways. On one side of them towers the solemn and mighty palace of their old possessors, the Medici, and to walk here and think of past revels by night and day, when these alleys resounded with mirth or glittered with festal costumes, is to

feel as if you were listening to the very heart-beats of history. The Cascine Gardens disappoint one who has wandered through the Doria Pamfili and the Borg-hese Gardens at Rome, but merely because level-swarded formalism contrasts rather ill with these other more diversified and undulating domains. As for the excursions to Fiesole, Bellosguardo, Certosa of the Val d'Emo, and along that adorable sweep of roadway named *Le Calle*, these are chiefly Florence surveyed from coigns of steepness, nearness or aloftness, each view rivaling the other, and all a kind of disheartening challenge to such efforts and aims of language as tend fitly to portray them.



POSSESSION.

BY ADA A. MOSHER.

WITH princely pride, his princely lands toward,
He pointed, saying: "Of these acres broad,
Lo! I, alone, am master sole, and lord."

The old earth chuckled at the boaster's stress:
"Fool, know that I, alone, am masterless—
All them that hath possessed me, I possess."



MY LATE WIDOW.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I.

THERE was music, and there was moonlight, and there was the moan of the sea under the palms in the tropical metropolis, when I grew weary of it all and at midnight, with a wave of my hand, I cried, "Good-by, proud world; I'm going home," called a carriage and directed the Kanaka to drive me to the cemetery, up Nuuanu Valley. He nearly fell from the box when I gave my order, but I was in earnest; I was merely going home—home to Spook Hall, where I dwelt happily with my late widow, Lady Spook. Why did I dwell there and with her? The question is natural, and civil enough; I will tell you. Listen!

In the tropical metropolis I found myself languishing upon the verge of an enchantment that satisfied me not. I speedily grew tired of the hotel. But for the ever-open doors and windows, the broad vine-draped verandas, the cocoa and royal palms, the bananas, the mangoes and the bread-fruit trees that richly decorated the rainbow-tinted vista, that particular hotel might as well have been anywhere else in the world. So one dull day I said to myself, "I must get out of this at my earliest convenience!" Some one who overheard me suggested that I join an old friend of mine, one of those very old friends who never change; who disappear for an indefinite period and are not heard of for a long time, and then reappear in the most natural manner and quietly begin just where they left off, as if there had never been the slightest interruption in the daily course of human events—and of course there really hadn't been. The heart of neither suffered any estrangement, for those hearts understood one another so perfectly and were so temperate and so content that neither was really conscious of any separation.

She dwelt up the valley, back from the highway. Of course she was a woman and a widow. Upon inquiry I learned that the home of my friend was unique to the verge of abnormality, and I resolved to visit it without delay. The fullest geographical details were freely offered me,

but what seemed to me a little singular was the fact that while any one could direct the stupidest explorer to the very spot, no one, or almost no one, had ever been there or cared much to go.

This is how I came to the house of my friend: It was in the last ideal hour of the day; the prodigal birds were pouring forth all the melody that was in them, for they were not to sing again until morning—until very early in the morning. The air was heavy with perfume—how I like that antiquated bit of symbolical extravagance, and yet it can hardly be called an extravagance in the tropics.

I had followed the valley road until I came to the cemetery. The rain-washed head-stones were very white, the sky was very blue; everything was sweet and clean and inexpressibly peaceful. At the cemetery I swung myself carefully through the turnstile and walked up the not too narrow path in the center until I came to a gray picket-fence at the top. Oh, such a jungle of indigo-plants and castor-beans as grew there, with a rank harvest of knee-deep grass, and only the pointed tips of the gray pickets peeping out here and there!

I discovered a kind of beaten track—a track that must have been trodden by a light foot, for the long grass lay in it quite green and comfortable, and nothing was dead and withered thereabout. This trail I took, as directed, and speedily came to a part of the fence where one picket was off, and one on each side of the open space was loosened at the lower end and pressed apart. I easily crept through here. Now the jungle thickened; everything was growing wild, running wild, and rankly wild at that; tenderly cultivated flowers had gone back to the state of nature and become exaggerations of themselves; lilies, huge Japanese lilies of a deadly fragrance, sprang out of the wind-tangled grass and stared at me; roses ran riot and came to grief: they had grown to an alarming height unpruned, unsheltered, unsupported, and then when the branches were over-full of blossoms and the rain came and deluged them, and the wind followed after, down fell the

avalanche of petals, carrying everything with it, in a sudden mass that lay neglected ever after. Wonderful East Indian flowers were there, choking to death in the exuberant herbage that crowded everywhere. Even the little trails about the house were hardly visible.

A dilapidated wire fence hidden in the jungle—a capital trap for the feet of the unsuspecting—lay prostrate between me and the house I was approaching. I succeeded in getting through this fence, or over it, or under it, it were vain to say which; and so, finally, came upon a broad low cottage, with a vast sweeping roof that hovered over it like an outspreading wing, and upon the creaking floor of the veranda I stood knocking a loud and hollow knock against the worm-eaten sash of a pair of double doors that stood wide open.

I thought I heard an answer but it proved to be only an echo. The place was awfully empty; in the center of the cottage was a large airy hall, a kind of music-room and library combined. A small book-case, a piano of an antiquated pattern, a work-table, a lounge and two or three long Chinese bamboo chairs were all that was visible from the door. Upon the small table, a cozy feminine piece of furniture, lay a bit of unfinished embroidery, a volume of "Friends in Council," the dainty London edition, and a spray of flowers that seemed to have been carelessly thrown there; yet to have moved it a fraction of an inch in any direction would have spoiled a very pretty bit of still-life.

I knocked again; echoes responded from the adjoining apartments, and then on the ceiling just overhead was heard a sharp tapping that was like a derisive mockery of my rap. The twilight was hurrying away; there was something ghostly in the atmosphere that prevailed; I felt like shivering. "This is Spook Hall," said I, and lifting up my voice I cried, "Where are you, O Lady Spook?"

I heard the tapping overhead softly repeated, and then the patter of feet hastening from one side of the room to the other. I am sure of this; I could not be mistaken, although no one was visible. I wandered out into the grass before the hall and saw there was no upper apartment; there was but the single floor, and

I at that moment was stark alone there. Assuring myself of this fact I went through the several rooms, for all the doors and windows of the house stood wide open. On the one hand of the great central chamber was a sleeping-room—Lady Spook's, no doubt, for it was feminine to the last degree; on the other side of the music-room was a kind of boudoir. Bright chintz draperies and a sun-burst of Easter and Christmas cards glorified an improvised screen and gave that corner of the establishment an unwonted air of cheerfulness. In the rear of the music-room was a refectory with its whole outer wall of glass; it commanded a superb view of the cloud-swept heights up the valley. On each side of the refectory, beyond a maze of pantries, closets, lockers, and small alcoves, was a pleasant room. One of these chambers, furnished, was for rent; it had its bath, its windows opening upon the wilderness, its lovely vistas inviting the eye, and was in no wise dependent on the hall or the lady of the hall: it was a semi-detached apartment entirely suited to the wants of a modest bachelor.

"I will take this room, if I may," said I to myself; and, leaving my card upon the work-table in the library corner of the great room, I implied as much in a few hasty words penciled on a corner of the card. This accomplished, I somehow found my way out of the jungle into the cemetery and back to town; and when the evening had come and there was an uncommon stillness in the air, I wondered if Lady Spook was sitting in her solemn solitude—beyond the grave, as it were—sitting and listening to the mysterious tapping that saluted and startled me.

II.

Bright and amiable people were lodging at the hotel in the tropical metropolis: young planters, the unlucky young brothers of those heirs to whom the whole estate descended in old England; they had been set up in business at the end of the earth by indulgent fathers who had contributed to the ranks of the army, the navy, the Established Church. At intervals they came down on the inter-island steamers from more or less remote cane-fields and spent their substance in riotous

living. I grew to know these young gentlemen and to like them, and many a jovial hour I passed among the hotel cottages, where they entertained in an almost princely fashion. But they satisfied me not; after all that was said in their favor the fact remained that they were but young English gentlemen enjoying themselves in the good old English way, and one need not bury oneself at the antipodes in order to enter into the spirit of their festivities. The military concert upon the lawn at night, the rides, the drives, the boating, the bathing—none of these had any latitudinal characteristics whatever. Shut out the palm-tree vistas and the dusky-skinned half-clad islanders who lounged in the middle distance, and the life generally lived in the tropical metropolis might be lived with ease in any summer resort under the sun. So I was glad when a coolie clad in immaculate white presented to me a letter upon a tray held by the slenderest fingers I ever saw upon a man's hand.

"You are heartily welcome to the best the hall affords, and the chamber in the south wing even now awaits your pleasure." It was Lady Spook who wrote; and that very day, almost within the hour, I arrived, bag and baggage, at the entrance to the south wing, and was duly installed at Spook Hall. Lady Spook was in her boudoir. She was of a comfortable plumpness; her rich brown hair was arranged in the simplest manner; her complexion was one of perfect health; a certain independence of manner, while not in the least unfeminine, assured the casual observer that she was entirely capable of taking care of herself; she was English as English, and the hall had an English air of comfort in certain of its nooks and corners, though, generally speaking, it was not abundantly furnished.

In her favorite room there were delicately flowered chintz curtains with wide fluted ruffles, buff portières with strips of maroon velvet—handily home-made were these; there was a broad, cool lounge with very plump cushions; newly plucked flowers filled several large jars and gave an air of rare attractiveness to that particular corner of the hall. Birds twittered noisily under the low, far-extending leaves; bees buzzed in and out of the open windows like lilliputian flying-machines;

sometimes the dragon-fly—that winged javelin—pierced the air in such furious haste that he came to grief in a corner of the boudoir and his stiff, glazed wings clashed like cymbals. Then Puggins, the canine pet of our lady of Spook Hall, arose and charged indignantly upon the late free-lance of the air. There was a brief combat, during which the mistress of the hall reproved Puggins for his undignified blood-thirstiness, and silence, punctuated by bird notes and the boom of bees, was restored. There was nothing to eat in the hall—nothing but dragon-flies, and these fell to the lot of the warlike Puggins. Lady Spook daily gathered a small flock of maidens in her music-room, or in the crumbless refectory, or perchance under a tree in the wildest of gardens, and shepherded them among the paths of learning. At stated intervals she opened a huge parasol and, gathering a multitude of well-starched skirts about her ankles, tripped away into leafy space and was fed by the ravens—for aught I knew.

It was agreed between us, without the exchange of a word, that our individual independence should in no wise and under no circumstances be interfered with; therefore, though I went forth at intervals seeking whom or what I might devour, and generally finding it at a well-laid board a good quarter of a mile distant, she, my Lady Spook, knew little and cared less for my outings and incomings. This mutual declaration of independence was our safeguard in an association of interests which was, to say the least, unusual. Geographically, we were isolated; socially, and I think I may say spiritually, we were involuntary exiles. Again let me say it; we were, so to speak, beyond the grave.

When, luggage in hand, I made my appearance at Spook Hall, my Lady Spook exclaimed in no little surprise: "However did you force an entrance?" It would have been quite impossible with my luggage in hand to force an entrance between the cemetery palings, though they yawned to admit us to our unkept domain. A carriage-drive that originally followed the side wall of the cemetery and entered the highway with some display of stone-work on each hand—I was never able to find any trace of gates, though—

this carriage-drive, so long neglected, had been rendered absolutely impassable by the luxuriant growth of the lantana bushes; their slender boughs were locked across it in an impenetrable net-work, and even a bird might find it difficult to enter there, and perhaps more difficult to emerge from this dense maze. "However did you force an entrance?" said Lady Spook, as she paused upon the mossy steps of the hall, while a small lizard sprawled at her feet. "I came over the fence of our nameless neighbors," replied I—and at that moment a sudden shower fell out of a sky that seemed almost cloudless, and so we two sat in easy chairs on the veranda listening to the roar of the precipitated rain. We noted how it seemed to bring the shattered sunbeams with it—it was literally a shining rain, prismatic and brilliant—and we inhaled the delicious fragrance of half-hidden blossoms that were having the very breath beaten out of them during this tropical episode.

There were neighbors on three sides of us—let me say on four sides of us—and each was as harmless and as unobtrusive as the other. Looking through the glazed wall of the refectory was seen the meadow lands of our upper neighbor and his flocks and his herds feeding luxuriously; our neighbor on the other hand, whose estate spread itself on the seaward slopes, was so far distant that agile youth, as it sported upon the tennis court, seemed to be enacting a pantomimic ballet to the music of the mountain zephyr; even the merry laughter was blown away from our listening ears. You already know of the neighbors who dwelt beyond the bourn of the undiscovered country. Through these silent paths my friend and I were wont to seek our hardly less silent territory. They never once startled us, nor any shade or shadow of them, that I wot of. On the fourth side of the hall lay a plantation of wild briars. Never briars flourished as these briars flourished, even down to the steep brink of a brook that brawled under the foot of a hill—our last neighbors. There were two or three tumble-down out-houses scattered through the "briary," as we loved to call that field of desolation. They were no longer to be identified; the doors that had not already fallen were shambling in the

wind; windows there were none; the lizards loved the place—it was their forum.

The southern windows of my room commanded this spot—an acre which was lovely in its unloveliness; and when I lifted mine eyes unto the hills the very spirit of God was within me. In an exalted mood I one day turned from this window and sought the refreshing temperature of the boudoir. Lady Spook had been repotting some rare ferns and bathing and combing Puggins, as was her custom of a holiday afternoon. She was sitting with her hands folded upon her lap as if waiting for something to happen. "Tell me," said I as I entered the boudoir and threw myself upon the lounge—a privilege she always granted me—"tell me how you came to this uncanny hall to nurse yourself in idiopathy." Never did a woman look healthier, heartier or more wholesome than she who without more ado began the following confession:

III.

"It was a goodly ship that brought me over, but there were weary years to follow, and often I was heart-sick and driven almost to despair. You will remember how in those days my society was sought on certain occasions because my linguistic accomplishments were indispensable. The officers of foreign war-ships—Russian, French, German, Italian—would have made but little impression upon the members of our first families (of course it is the brass button that appeals to the heart of maidenhood) had I not been constantly employed as interpreter by every one, from majesty down to the least of these. This I found at times aggravating. There were those who overlooked me on important occasions; who seemed to have forgotten for the time being that we were friends, or should be such, since we had been more or less intimate for a decade. When my services became necessary they were always swift to seek me; and I have had the questionable privilege of disseminating the vapid gossip of the antipodean capital in several tongues.

"In those days I knew the bitterness of social toleration; as a lady's companion I was found companionable when in the presence of 'my lady.' I was pre-

sumably basking in the reflected radiance of a distinguished company—that radiance was nothing to me. The serene solitude of my dainty cottage, the select society of my favorite authors, the sunshine and the shadow that played among the passion-flowers that curtained my cool veranda—these were the consolation of my life.

"As is invariably the case in small isolated communities, my status was defined by the coterie, and for me there was apparently no future beyond the narrow limits of the circumscribed path I was forced to tread. The inherited fortitude of my nature, coupled with highly cultivated reserve power, great patience and a wonderful faculty of silent endurance—the latter is characteristically feminine, but is not the gift of all our sex—enabled me to survive an experience which would have starved a less well seasoned nature, and which was slowly but surely withering my heart.

"In the midst of this long period of forbearance there came a revolution, as surprising to me, one of its chief factors, as to any one in the kingdom. The brother of the lady whose companion I was possessed a hearty, virile nature, but was a creature of impulse and therefore not always reasonable. I seemed to fill him with aversion, and he was unable or unwilling to disguise the fact; yet I had always treated him with the utmost consideration. Often I have been obliged to unceremoniously leave his presence to restrain the tears which his thoughtlessness—I will not suffer myself to say heartless words—had well-nigh forced from my eyes. During those three or four years our natural antagonism increased rather than diminished, and during this period my lot was pitiable. For us to be left alone together a few moments, as was sometimes unavoidable, was for a horrible fear to take possession of me; the shadow of his hate seemed to cover and darken my very soul.

"We need not stop to discuss the philosophy of antipathy. It was well known among our friends and acquaintances that he and I could not tolerate one another; indeed, an exaggeration of our repugnance was a popular theme for discussion for the gossips in this very paradise of gossips. How they harped upon

us, those harpers, when I and my enemy were their chosen victims!

"There was to be a concert by the command of His Majesty, of course the most fashionable event of the season. Amateurdom was shaken to its foundations; the court was to be there and all the world besides—the little world that hung upon the hem of the garments of the court. Our house was well represented. Every member of the family, save only my humble self, had elaborated a toilet suitable to the occasion; and with mingled emotions I had seen the ladies drive away to the palace at an early hour in the evening, for there was a reception before the concert. I did not envy them; the music-room at home was a delightful apartment provided with an admirable piano. If I could not play or sing as well as those whose names appeared on the program of the evening, I could truly say that we were all merely amateurs—amateurs in an amateur kingdom. There was at least an emotional pleasure for me in fingering the cool ivory keys in the twilight and in lifting up my voice when I knew that no one could hear me and I need not be afraid. I sat in the music-room that evening playing and singing as I had never before dared play and sing, and I found the exercise extremely exhilarating.

"There was a pause in the music; I had sung myself into a most exalted or exultant mood, and was silently enjoying it. I turned to look through the open door, across the green lowlands, upon the distant sea. There in the doorway—leaning against the side of it, an image of amiable interest—stood the one who loathed me!

"As I stared at him in astonishment, for I thought he was at the concert, he advanced with hand extended and said, in a voice thrilling with tenderness—a voice I did not know he possessed: 'I have wronged you; forgive me and let us be friends.' My amazement rendered me speechless, but he seized my hand, and I found that his touch was harmonious and humanizing. 'Come,' said he persuasively, 'let us obliterate the past. Will you go to the concert with me? It is not yet too late to enjoy the latter half of it.'

"Dazed and half delighted I acquiesced. You can imagine the sensation we created

when, in the middle of the program—we were not down on the bills—he and I entered the palace and were shown to seats in the very front row, as the others were filled to the entrance. You cannot imagine the consternation when, a week later, he and I were married, and before the news had fairly burst upon the little capital like a thunder-clap, we quietly departed for another island, where, upon a recently purchased plantation, we began a honeymoon of infinite and pathetic mellowness."

IV.

Puggins, who was endeavoring to scale the wall in quest of a lizard that had glued itself in the cornice, was now sent out of the boudoir in disgrace. No one was more sensitive than he; the very droop of his tail was touching; he walked solemnly, reluctantly, and with a reproachful side-glance over his shoulder at his mistress, through the long room and with a sigh and a dull thud threw himself on the veranda in an attitude of despair.

Lady Spook took from a small round table at her side—there was ever one of these indispensables within her reach—a work-basket decorated with knots of ribbon, and selecting from it a bit of embroidery, began busying her small plump hands with dainty stitches. She resumed her narrative, after a pause which was as effective as a rest in a musical composition, and stretching myself upon the lounge, by her leave, with my arms thrown over my head, I listened:

"I believe it possible for great enemies to become great friends; of course the cause of enmity must be slight, possibly a mere misunderstanding or a natural or premature antipathy; under these circumstances the antagonists suddenly discover that their eyes were blinded, or a distorted vision had led them quite astray. It is as if a pane of bad window-glass through which two people had been sullenly regarding one another was shattered and the deformed were transformed. It was so with us.

"The devotion of my husband was heroic. As he had been rude beyond measure, he became tender in the extreme. He seemed to have but one object in life—my happiness; and his happiness was but a reflection of my own.

"Our plantation lay upon a headland, above the sea, far removed from any settlement. Sometimes a guest rode over the heights to spend a night with us, but for the most part we were alone, yet ever unconscious of our loneliness. Who that has known the unspeakable blessedness of newly wedded life, its fullness to overflowing, its exquisite privacy, its innocent obliviousness to all the world besides, its insatiate hunger and thirst of love, in a land where love reigns supreme; who that has realized all this will fail to picture our earthly elysium among the palms upon the breezy heights overhanging the delicious sea?

"Together we were absorbed in the development of our new possessions. I seemed not to have lived till now, for until now I had had no deep interest in life. At last all, all was changed, all beautified, all glorified. Sometimes only to catch a glimpse of my husband as he rode among his men upon the distant slopes, only to recognize his familiar outline, thrilled me and set my heart a-fluttering so that I was glad to turn away to recover my self-possession. The thought of his homecoming was enough to brighten my spirits at any moment; when he looked in upon me at unexpected intervals I ran to meet him, flushing like a silly girl, and the anticipation of his return at evening, the labors of the day giving place to the hours of rest, was a kind of emotional intoxication.

"Sunday was our day of rest, a day of rapture. It was our custom to read the Church of England service in honor of the occasion, and we took our turn at the prayers and the responses, for there was no church within many miles of us. A little Roman Catholic chapel, hidden away in a leafy solitude, was at stated intervals visited by a young French priest, who came to shrive the scattered native congregation and say a mass for them. Him we saw and were glad to entertain, although we religiously held aloof from his altar rail and read over our own prayers in our own way.

"Oh, the unutterable happiness of that experience, the repose that was in our souls, the rapture in our hearts, the wholesome satisfaction that was in our daily and hourly lives! Never did we refer to the past; it seemed to be under-

stood between us that during that period we were under a spell, alike painful to each, and the memory of which was to be banished forever. How we could have so misunderstood one another, how we could have been so blinded to the goodness and the gentleness and the loving kindness that each inspired in the breast of the other, was a mystery that still remains unsolved.

"We shared all things generously; our tastes were similar, our pleasures and our pains sympathetic. As I look back upon that past it seems to me that no two of God's creatures were ever more perfectly united than he and I. Our little world, our home-life, was so complete that even the letters arriving by the rather uncertain post were almost like intruders; and when the sometimes too rough winds and too troubled sea prevented the touching of the inter-island craft at the neighboring roadstead, we were in no wise disconcerted, but with a smile and a shrug of the shoulder reassured ourselves that we were wholly content and that no disappointment could shake our supreme faith in the goodness of the providence who watched over our house of love. It seemed as if the honeymoon was destined never to wane; there are such moons, a few of them, and there are those that wax and wane repeatedly like the celestial luminary; ours burned with a soft unchanging radiance in which we basked contentedly, asking no odds of any one that lived.

"Of course this could not go on for ever. We were destined to age like other people and to suffer the universal ailments of the flesh, perchance were to be driven out of our Eden into the work-a-day world, where everybody and everything is inevitably more or less commonplace; but these contingencies we feared not. With us love was enough; in it we lived and moved and had our being.

It was time for me to be thinking of supping; it was time for her to be gathering her skirts about her and betaking herself through the long grass to her vesper meal. However, I said nothing, but waited for her to continue her story, if indeed she were inclined to continue it. Presently she resumed, but with evident effort; there was a touch of hardness in her voice as she said: "One evening I was

watching a storm cloud that enveloped the mountain at whose feet we dwelt. The spectacle was startling, for the lightning, rare enough with us, cleaved the whole hemisphere with a two-edged sword of wrath. After these storms the torrents that tumble in every ravine are sometimes swollen to frightful proportions. It is as if the deluge had come again, and before its awful wall of waters everything is swept to destruction. I was sitting in the vine-shaded veranda enjoying the reviving freshness of the air when I heard at a distance the wailing of the natives.

"As you know, in moments of either joy or sorrow the native gives way to a burst of emotion which finds expression in a high-pitched, tremulous, prolonged cry; it is a wail in very truth, but whether it be a wail of joy or a wail of grief it is not always possible to determine without some knowledge of the cause of it. I thought how perfectly the wail accorded with the elements—the reeling palm-trees, the wildly tossing banana leaves, the heavy and dark-browed clouds, and the sheets of rain that were shifting across the landscape and the sea. The wailers drew nearer and nearer; I watched them with interest, and presently I saw that they were some of our own people, and I judged from their distracted behavior it was a common grief that stirred them. As they drew nearer one of their number broke away from the band and, running toward me, fell prostrate at my feet.

"A hot and sickening wave seemed to break over my heart; I grew faint with bewildering apprehension—but you can guess the rest!" She paused for some moments, but finally resumed: "My husband, riding upon his circuit and overtaken in mid-stream by that avalanche of water, was swept to his grave in the sea. His body was recovered; it lies yonder, and here, in this house, I am as near to him as I can hope to get in this life. It is with melancholy satisfaction that I see the sun rise on these graves—graves of his companions in the dust—and watch the moonlight whitening the pale stones, and hear the rain fall there and the leaves rustle, and from time to time note how an open grave marks the ending of another heart—yes, many of them, perchance! I am one of those miserable

ones who love company, and there is enough of it here, God knows!"

Just then the hysterical barking of her dog startled us. Some one was coming to remind her that supper had been ready a good half-hour. With perfect composure, the composure of indifference, she went away with the messenger. In a few moments I seized my hat and cane and was glad to get out of the hall.

V.

If my newly widowed friend really desired to nurse her sorrow, she could not have found a more admirable cradle than Spook Hall. It had its history; what hall worthy of the name has not? It seems to me that this history is worth recording. Let me tell it as it was told to me one evening, when the winds were sobbing and the place was filled with weird and unaccountable noises.

In the beginning it was the not unusual tropical bungalow, set in a shady grove far back from the highway. Probably, in those days, love dwelt there in seclusion, and was content with the rather limited accommodation the original structure afforded. By and by it began to grow, and it grew and grew, extending its wings with the increase of the family as a hen spreadeth her wings for the sheltering of her brood. Upon the opposite side of the somewhat distant highway lay God's acre; it was a small enough acre, and overfull of the dust of the blessed dead; so it came to pass that other lands were added to it, and these new lands lay between the cottage and the highway, and the highway divided the lands in halves; now the cottage seemed to be cut off from the world and, as it were, banished. To be sure, there was still a carriage-drive left open; it led down the side of the cemetery wall and connected the highway with the lawn and the garden that lay round about the cottage.

Soon enough the graves began to multiply; they crept up under the cottage fence, and tall white stones, perpetuating the last words of love and grief, looked over the fence and shone brightly in the sunshine under the cottage windows. Death is not partial, though in some cases it would almost seem so; neither is death

hedged in or held aloof by any barriers that the hand of man may raise against him; so it came to pass that he entered the cottage and led away captive one and then another and yet another, and these were laid together in their graves upon the lawn close at the side of the cottage, for it was thought kindlier to let them sleep their last sleep near the old homestead, and with no others of the silent company lying between them and that once happy home.

There it stood, almost within reach of the veranda, the tall ancestral shaft that bore the record of three generations—a memorable scroll that the hand of time was deliberately unrolling. It was fenced about, and the rose bushes that had been planted within the inclosure had long since hidden the low mounds out of sight. This was the private cemetery of the first master of Spook Hall, but it was exclusively ours now. Close against it was the narrow opening among the pickets through which we entered the main avenue of the cemetery, and so made our way to the valley road, for, as I have already stated, the carriage drive had become an impassable jungle.

As the family of our predecessor increased he broadened his roof on one hand, and on the other a deep veranda on the upper side of the house was made deeper still and inclosed in glass. It was a refectory in those days, but we found it a charming lounging-room, a divan where I could burn my cigarette in comfort while Lady Spook, far more industriously inclined, treaded gaily at her sewing-machine. It was likewise a favorite resort of Puggins; perhaps the lizards were a trifle more numerous there and afforded him better sport; then, as a portion of the glass partition was always open, he could, at a moment's notice, plunge into the tangled grass that grew knee-deep beside the door and lose himself in the damp shadows of the wildest looking garden that ever grew to seed. Just above this strip of garden stretched a row of tumble-down out-houses, so uncanny in their decay that I confess I never had the courage to venture an exploration of them.

I entered my apartment in the wing through the library, music-room, refectory and an odd combination of passages—they resembled joints and elbows in a

pipe—which had been formed by the fungus-like growth of the cottage in this particular quarter. Out of this passage at one point a window opened directly into the sleeping apartments of Lady Spook; opposite the window was a branch passage which had an opening in the direction of the deserted garden and out-houses; there were small cell-like compartments in there which I did not care to examine too closely, one never knows what one may find in such recesses. But that inner window! Is there anything more suggestive of the preternatural than a glazed window in the center of a house, through which the sun never shines—indeed, through whose heavily curtained panes no light passes? Well, thereby hangs a tale.

Assisting my friend one day in moving a heavy article of furniture from one part of her chamber to another (these friendly offices were necessary in our case, for we had no servant to call upon), I saw upon her floor, where the Chinese matting was somewhat worn, a faint brown stain. As she was scrupulously cleanly in her house-keeping and had a wholesome dread of dust, I was twitting her upon having allowed this discoloration to escape her vigilant eye.

"Listen," cried she, with the superior air which the humblest of women is bound to assume when she discovers it is within her power to enlighten one of the lords of creation on a subject of which he is grossly ignorant. "Listen," she repeated, with a gentle air of authority, as she led the way into the refectory. A deliciously cool breeze from the mountain was fluttering the broad banana leaves that waved before us; the scarlet hibiscus blazed in its nest of green; the spider-lilies were a fountain of fragrance. I listened—there was nothing left for me to do but listen.

"He who lies yonder," she began, waving her fan in the direction of the monument upon our lawn, "slept in that chamber. The inner window which I keep fastened and darkened was left open in his time for the sake of the superior ventilation it afforded. Possibly he was a man whose patience did not stretch to the crack of doom." Now I suspected that my lady was growing facetious, and I ventured to encourage her with a com-

plimentary smile. "Possibly he was possessed of less patience than other men." She hesitated, as if this were an almost too cruel suggestion; at once I figuratively bared my bosom to the storm and patiently awaited the worst.

"There was a coolie servant in the house," she continued; "one who, no doubt, gave both master and mistress sufficient cause for irritation. He had carelessly shattered a valuable piece of porcelain and had in consequence been threatened with punishment by his master. He may have already received that punishment, or others before it, and so knew what to expect at the hands of his employer. I know not the exact circumstances, but this I know: one night, when the master and mistress slept, the coolie, armed with a frightful weapon, crept down the passage and climbed noiselessly through the open window by the bedside of the sleepers. There must have been a dim light in the chamber—a low-hanging moon or the luminous stars of this latitude aided him to do his devilish deed. Lifting the blade high above him, he struck with all the hatred of revenge and cleft a head from a body. God knows what other bloody deeds he might have done had not the shrieks of the now awakened widow alarmed the house. The murderer fled, but upon the floor lay the tribute of his vengeance, and the horrid flood that flowed from it has left that indelible witness of his guilt."

I felt myself shivering slightly and the day seemed suddenly to have grown dark; then the wind rose and slammed the shutters throughout the hall, and upon the wide roof fell the swift shock of the rain with a roar as of an avalanche of hail.

That evening I sat alone in my favorite chair upon the front veranda. All the eaves were dripping, and the damp air was dense with the thrilling fragrance of jasmine and tube-rose and large white lilies half-hidden in the grass, and with all the ghostly flowers whose odors are forever associated with the dead and the chamber of death. I confess that I was nervous and I preferred sitting there, with the memorial shaft towering close at hand, to entering into the hollow hall, with the blood-stain on the floor; and while I was sitting there, trying my best to think of nothing, and while the dark-

ness deepened and the silence became so profound that I could hear my heart beat huskily, there was a stirring among the rank bushes over against the cemetery, a rushing sound in the knee-deep grass, and out of the gloom rose dimly a pale figure that was hastening toward me. I was frozen where I sat; to save my soul from everlasting loss I could not have moved a hand or foot. Another moment and the air was rent with such a piercing cry as stopped my heart in its frantic beating, and then the delighted Puggins sprang upon my knee, and Lady Spook, her damp skirts clinging about her, approached with her customary greeting.

It was she who had frightened me to my wits' ends; it was the joyous bark of Puggins that had split my horrified ears. There was nothing preternatural in any of this, and the hot blood that bathed my body as soon as the crisis was over assured me that I was in the land of the living and heir to all fleshy ills.

You see it was Friday night. It had been the custom of my lady when within reach of that hallowed grave to sit beside it for an hour or two in the gloaming, since he came to his death on a Friday, and there she would ponder upon the joys of the past—past joys but precious memories. She had just performed that melancholy office, fulfilled religiously and without fail no matter how inclement the season, so thus she startled me as I had never before been startled and as I trust I shall be startled never again.

VI.

Upon the swinging book-rack in my study-chamber were my favorite books—"Robinson Crusoe" and "The Arabian Nights," richly illustrated; the King James Bible, in large, clear type, and Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," the substantial edition of '67. With these I could have ended my days in the semi-solitude of Spook Hall and felt no need of any other companionship. A few clever sketches in color or in black-and-white, the gift of artist friends, adorned the walls; a few trophies of travel such as I love to gather—landmarks in my life's pilgrimage, and not the least of them but could tell its tale of romantic adventures—were strewn about, and these made my

almost too sunny chamber very cheerful and homelike.

In one corner between two windows where my eyes were never tempted to wander in the wild garden without, I sat with my face to the creamy white wall and wrote when the spirit moved me. I knew well enough that the only interruption likely to occur, from dawn to dark, day after day, was the voice of my lady saluting me from some remote corner of the hall, or her touch upon the piano keys, which was an aid rather than an interruption.

I had but few acquaintances and cared but little to see them there. Privacy and an inner life are as necessary to me as meat and drink. Lady Spook had hosts of friends and acquaintances, but the spookiness of the hall kept the nervous and imaginative at a distance. Its peculiar history was known to every inhabitant of the kingdom, and the approach was so difficult that even those who were in no wise superstitious hesitated to visit us.

Sometimes adventurous children hovered upon the borders of our grounds, but if they ever had occasion to enter them or to pass through them it was with shy, swift feet that they did so. Occasionally a native, attracted by the abundance of fruit that remained ungathered through the season, begged the privilege of filling his net, and he was a thousand times welcome. The ripe mangoes fell with a startling thud upon our roof and slid unctuously to the ground, or we heard the muffled blows as they dropped in the night and buried themselves in the grass.

An unfamiliar footstep on that floor would have startled me. I remember once wandering through the hall clad in a loose, flowing "kimono" which I was wont to wear for coolness and comfort, and on turning one of the corners in the complication of rooms and passages coming suddenly face to face with a stranger, a lady. She had not heard my slipped feet; she had found doors and windows open wide, and, believing the place uninhabited for the moment, was exploring with curious interest a haunt whose surprising history she had not failed to learn. Upon our meeting she shrieked, and I, struck dumb, staggered back a

pace. Mutual explanations followed and she departed, never to return.

Naturally enough one is sure to receive a shock at intervals in such a place; but one grows used to them and perhaps begins to like them and to look forward to them. Life under such circumstances cannot be altogether dull—it never was with us. Shall I ever forget how I sat alone, hour after hour, in the silent heat of a long day, knowing positively that I was alone in the hall and was to remain its sole occupant for two days and nights, during which time Lady Spook sojourned at the seaside? The beguiling drowsiness of the afternoon was stealing over me and I was gradually succumbing to the spell. I believed the place was haunted, if ever a place was haunted, and my nerves were a little on edge a good part of the time; never was I quite at my ease. I was weary of my book, was upon the point of closing my volume, putting off my slippers, stretching myself upon the comfortable couch under the ever-spread mosquito-bar, and resigning myself to the daily siesta. Just at this moment, when I was drowsily hesitating upon the brink of sleep, I heard a heavy foot stalking toward me—a foot heavier than a human foot—that drew nearer and nearer, but stealthily and with frequent pauses. Was it the incarnation of something monstrous? There was an unearthly sound as of sawing and grinding and the audible gnashing of teeth. Surely, thought I, the devil of my infancy might appear in this guise. A terrific snort froze the blood in my veins, and then the whole wing of the hall wherein I sat was seized, as it were, and shaken as by a violent convulsion of nature—all this in the brightest sunshine of a glorious summer afternoon.

Ah me! the unraveling of mysteries is a mortifying task. Some neighbor's nag was tickling his cuticle against the corner of my shaky room. He snorted again with the utmost satisfaction and whisked his tail against the hot clapboards with a sound that resounded like a barbaric drum. I took in the situation like a flash, but it was some time before I recovered my normal calm.

If any one had assured me, when I first thought of making Spook Hall my

home, that it was blood-stained and full of noises not always easily to be accounted for, and that I should at times have to pass some days and nights there in absolute solitude, I am quite sure that I should have hesitated upon the threshold before summoning the moral and physical courage to enter. But it came to pass, as the place grew more familiar it was our custom to divert one another with tales the like of which would have met with the approval of the writer of "The Night Side of Nature." Fortunately there was always a tinge of the serio-comic even in our most tragic moments. "The Ingoldsby Legends" from the lips of Lady Spook—she was a most agreeable reader—enlivened many an evening, and there were no hours too unseasonable for one or the other of us to seek the piano-forte. Even in the pitch-darkness of the night we were wont to wrest from its invisible keys weird melodies appropriate to the occasion.

That our intercourse was unique must be evident to the least suspicious reader; doubtless it was the subject of frequent if not always favorable comment among the citizens of the tropical metropolis who are notoriously predisposed to sit in judgment upon the actions of their fellow-men. This mattered nothing to us,—and yet it did matter, for it engendered a fellow-feeling which was the cause of wondrous kindness on our several parts.

Kindness? Why one morning as I was passing through the sun-lit music-room on my way to my breakfast down the valley, I heard a faint voice calling me. For a moment I was startled; Lady Spook was up and away by sunrise, weather permitting, much exercise being one of her hobbies. I answered the call and discovered that the voice proceeded from my lady's chamber, and that for three days my lady had been a prisoner there, ill, attended at intervals by a maid who had come in search of her when she failed to make her punctual daily round. She would not have me aware of her condition, and had suffered me to go and come in the belief that she was absent from the hall.

There was a kind of martyr-like heroism in this that touched me profoundly, and as I strolled leisurely down the valley road I pictured to myself the life of this

woman—her life from first to last—so far as I knew it; I catalogued her sterling excellencies, her numerous and rare accomplishments, and compared them with those of other women whom I knew; I then contrasted her lot with the lot of those whom I was seeing daily, and was conscious of flushing with indignation at the thought of the injustice of her fate.

Now I am a fatalist by right of birth; my Protestant ancestors, who believed in and preached predestination, were fatalists of the most fatal description. When I took into consideration the forlorn lot of this estimable woman, I asked myself why I should be torn up by the roots—I have always been going about with my roots in my pockets—and cast away among an isolated people; why, of all these people, it should fall to my lot to become the sole companion of a solitary whose sufferings had made her solitude almost sacred?

I also was a lover of solitude, but more especially of that solitude preferred by one whose name I cannot at this moment recall, but whose sentiment I have ever fully sympathized with—"Yes, surely solitude is sweetest when there is one to whom we may say, 'How sweet is solitude!'" Should I not say it to her? Was it not my duty to say it, just to see if it would not sweeten her solitude? This was my morning thought as I paced the valley road.

VII.

There is nothing more delightfully exhilarating than to tread upon delicate ground; it is fascinating to talk familiarly on subjects that are never, or rather should never be, approached without reverence, and seldom without fear. Love lights that dangerous and sublime height beneath whose shadow lies the bottomless abyss of the ridiculous.

Should I return to the hall after breakfast and talk of love to my lady? Shall I confess that we had already talked *at* it and all around it; that we had rent the veil which sympathy abhors and revealed our souls to one another in a rarely-perfect fellowship born of long suffering shared in our seclusion? I resolved to do this without delay; indeed, I had long been thinking of it, and it was no diffi-

cult task for me to lay before her a scheme devised, as by inspiration, for the greater happiness of two souls; to warn her that the shadows of the afternoon grow longer and longer and broader and deeper every hour, and that the clock had struck twelve for us. It was easy to picture a new life for her—a new life in a new land; in a *new land*, for she must needs forget the past if she would find happiness again, and forgetfulness lay in a change of scene. I touched my canvas with an airy brush; I drew a dim outline of hazy heights beyond the sea; the umbrageous groves of that summer-land were brightened with the gorgeous plumage of the flamingo. A line was to be drawn between the future and the past, and that line was the equator. It is so easy to rub out and begin again when one has put a whole ocean between him and the shore he is to know no more.

My lady listened with the sweetest patience. There was no passion in the blood that warmed her heart; there was wisdom—worldly wisdom—and there was womanly sympathy, and the greatest honesty, and the fullest understanding in this most singular courtship. It progressed rather slowly, but it was surely progressing. I could read this progress in the dreamier moods of my lady, who was ordinarily not fond of dreaming; I could read it in the character of the songs she was from time to time singing, and in the sentiment of the books she chose for our entertainment of an evening or of a drowsy afternoon in the pink-and-white boudoir, where I stretched myself at ease upon the lounge, at peace with all the world.

I used to wonder why everybody could not be in love, and pitied those who were not. Surely it is not difficult? And such a rejuvenator as it is! My Lady Spook began to bloom beautifully, and, of course, all the tongues of the town were wagging again. They knew much more about the affairs of the hall, down yonder in the tropical metropolis, than we did under our low-sweeping roof by our friendly graves.

Well, it was all nicely settled for us without any effort on our part: we were to be married speedily and to sail away in a big ship, and to begin the new life in the new land on the other side of

the globe. Congratulations, coupled with insinuating smiles and glances of superior intelligence, fell daily to our lot. The I-told-you-so tribe is very numerous over yonder, and we were quite the sensation of the hour.

Then we broke up house-keeping, and there was the prettiest pang for each of us in the not very arduous task; after this my lady made her farewell calls and announced her intention of departing by the very next steamer bound for the nether world. We sent out no cards, but as we were looked upon as eccentrics, t'was thought t'would be quite like us to marry privately.

I held my peace; held it so well that no one presumed to disturb it. And so the steamer hove in sight and lay alongside the sweltering dock for six busy hours; and when the gong had growled its last growl, and all those who were going ashore were ordered to make haste, the friends embraced my lady, who, now quite pallid, was dissolved in tears, and the very last one to bid her God-speed and bon voyage was myself!

Perhaps the town was never quite so badly sold since the day when my lady suddenly married her first husband—and how I did enjoy it. You see I had been confidentially consulted on a delicate subject; she had confided to me a secret which our fellow-citizens, the gossips, were in ignorance of. One who had been faithful to her memory these many years, hearing that her hand if not her heart was free once more, began a long campaign by letter. Again and again she had refused to surrender; possibly she might still have fortified herself had I not begun to plead his cause.

It was a double wooing, a wooing half by proxy. I never in my life enjoyed anything more, unless it was the look of hopeless perplexity that metamorphosed the faces of those friends with their farewells.

Well, that is all I have to tell of my late widow. She was mine while she was a widow, but now she is wed again and a widow no more.

Some time after her departure a fancy seized me to revisit the hall. Instinctively I turned toward the cemetery. The twilight was impending and the large stars hung like golden globes in space.

I was thinking of the many times I had paced that "via doloroso," not exactly sad at heart, yet sympathetic, feeling myself a kind of companion of the dead who slept, and wondering always if she would be in the hall to give me welcome, or if only those ticklish tappings (no doubt the birds under the roof) would startle me in the solitude, or the owls hoot among the graves as they often used to do.

I was thinking of this, and the graves of the half-dozen suicides that were huddled under our fence, of the picturesque disorder that reigned in the jungle-like garden, the great oriental lilies that ruled among the weeds, steeped in dew and loading the air with their fetid breath, and of the roses that grew in drifts everywhere, and the luscious fruits detaching themselves and falling in fatness where they would never again by any eyes be seen. I was half-drunken with the odor of these, and I was absorbed in such tender memories when I came to our broken palings that I was startled to find myself there.

Where was the creep-hole we once found so convenient? I looked in vain for it. Lo! the luxuriant bushes, left to themselves for a little time, and having their own sweet wills, had interlaced their branches and barred the way. Nature had locked the entrance to that Eden; I was no longer welcome to enter. I raised my eyes with a vivid sense of the fitness of things, and lo! not a vestige of the hall remained. The structure had been spirited away, I know not whither. I imagined I could distinguish some traces of the foundations, now laid bare, but the rank grass was overgrowing these, and the dusk was deepening so rapidly I could no longer swear to any familiar landmark, save only the weather-stained column that towered above the dust of the original occupants of the hall.

Then I turned away and never looked upon the spot again. Indeed, I feared that if I were to search too closely I should find that there was no evidence whatever to prove that the hall and my Lady Spook and my rare association with them were not all fiction. Thus beneficent nature sometimes perfects an experience and helps the tale-teller to tell his tale.



A FOOLS' PARADISE.

BY WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

[It seems almost unworthy of belief that so enlightened a monarch as the German emperor should tolerate in his empire the relic of barbarism described in the accompanying article of Herr von Schierbrand. To add to the woes of a burdened people a machinery calculated to extort the meager earnings of the very poor, seems an inconceivable cruelty. It is charitable to suppose that this state lottery is one of those moss-grown institutions which even the power of a German emperor is insufficient to suppress.—EDITOR.]

AS in America, every normally constituted boy has his ambition roused by the hope of some time becoming president of the United States, so in Germany every poor man lives in the wild dream of some time drawing the "grosses Loos"—the big prize in the state lottery. The toiling multitude of unkempt socialists; the horny-handed proletarians who seldom have meat to eat; the ploughman who walks the black furrow with knitted brow and knotted biceps, pondering his sorry lot—all alike hope on and on. "Das grosses Loos!"—it is like a shibboleth of yore, like the fabled fountain of youth, like the alchemist's deferred discovery,

"* * * hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mold."

In no other civilized country, with the single exception of Italy, has the lottery become such a popular institution. To play in the lottery is here the national form of gambling par excellence. A church needs to be built—the means are

raised by a lottery; a private collection of fine paintings is to be disposed of—again the lottery; the racing stud of a ruined grandseigneur is to be sold—lottery once more; charity on a large scale is planned—lottery. In short, the lottery forms part and parcel of national life throughout Germany. Rich and poor alike believe in it.

At the large drawing recently I met an old man. The brownish parchment-like skin hung in folds on his withered face. He was a cobbler by trade and had followed his unremunerative calling for the space of three score years and more. He confided to me that he had played in the lottery ever since he was a 'prentice boy. "I have just about come out even," he said wearily.

"Why, then, haven't you given it up long ago?" I questioned him.

"Well, you see," he drawled pensively, "it was in the hope of winning once, winning big, so as to be able to retire and live at ease the rest of my days.

About forty thousand marks would have done it. And there's my former neighbor, Fritz Munck; he's won sixty thousand marks and has gone back to his native place, a little town in the province, where he is now looked up to as a big capitalist. And there's——"

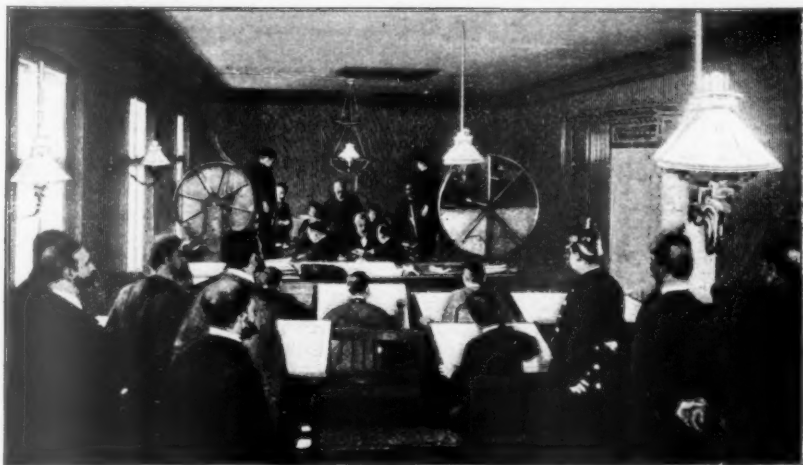
"But don't you know that big winnings are unlikely to happen?"

"Well, I don't know; I should think that what has happened to personal friends of mine might happen to me."

That's it, you see—those lotteries here are honestly and openly conducted, and every player knows of a number of actual cases where big winnings have been made. Why not I? he reasons.

So I learned that my friend the cobbler

tery dream books" form a staple article in many stores, and that thousands of copies of them are sold annually. They're not all alike—some are, like the veteran gamester's infallible tables at Monte Carlo, constructed on one system of calculations, and others on another; but they all contain rows of figures seen in dreams, and their meaning. As four-eleven-forty-four was once the joy of the negro policy player of Thompson street, so the mystical twelve thousand three hundred and forty-five (12345) was for a time the great desideratum of the lottery player in Germany. Uneven numbers, when distinctly mirrored during sleep, mean better luck than even numbers. Above all, no figure dreamed must be divulged to friend



DRAWING THE BIG PRIZES.

had invested in lottery tickets during his long life the sum of about sixteen thousand marks, or nearly four thousand dollars, enough to have started a flourishing, well-equipped store in a good neighborhood. And the time he had lost by attending the regular drawings! He might have earned twice that sum by strictly attending to his work. But they don't calculate so closely, these men of brawn, and after all, as my cobbler put it: "Lottery a good thing? Well, I should say so. It's the only hope in life left to us poor people!"

How much of a popular institution lotteries—state lotteries especially—are in Germany is shown by the fact that "lot-

or foe. Superstition in regard to this whole theme is so bred in the bone of the lower classes, that no amount of reasoning could drive it out. Thus, a lottery collector on Friedrich Strasse, Berlin, who has a vast and varied experience in his line, told me that Friday was the poorest day for the sale of tickets; and as for drawings, Fridays are avoided like poison.

Another form of superstition refers to the left hand. If at any time between the purchase and the drawing of a ticket the left hand be inadvertently used in manipulating it, bad luck is expected. The blind orphan boys—for only such are "de rigueur" in drawing the tickets from the

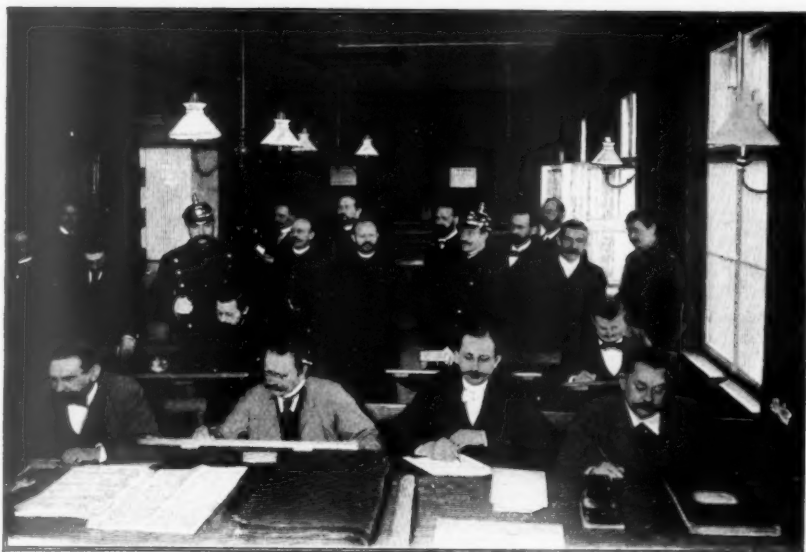
wheel of fortune, are minutely watched before and during drawings. The expression of their faces, every word spoken, the merest gesture, are interpreted by the eager crowd as auguring good or ill luck.

In Schützen Strasse, Berlin, in the very heart of the busiest part of the city, stands a house which, for a goodly portion of each year, holds to hundreds of thousands—often to a million or more—of human beings the key to happiness or despair. It is an old-fashioned building whose style of architecture alone singles it off from its neighbors, yet withal a structure of rather imposing mien. Its lower windows are barred strongly, and only one massive portal gives access. This is the central administration building of the Royal Prussian lottery. From the business done there the coffers of the state derive a regular annual revenue of thirty million marks or more. At the regular drawings, held there on certain days each month, excepting in the hot season, one may see as queer and interesting a throng of players as any in the world.

Upstairs are the offices. The royal director of lotteries occupies a large and well appointed room. He is of dignified bearing, polished manners and thorough education—a fine type of the higher Prussian government official. His subordinates are nearly all men of military training. The tall, battle-scarred man who, in a small office, prepares the enormous number of tickets for each drawing, is a veteran of several wars, with the iron cross decorating his breast. The whole lottery administration forms a section of the state department of railroads and communications, and is under the direction of State Secretary Thiele. Every detail of the plan on which the various state lotteries are operated has been carefully considered and is carried out to the minutest particle. The revenues derived from them form an annually recurring item in the royal Prussian budget, as fixed by the Diet. Nobody seems to think it is wrong, and no attacks on the system have ever been made by either radical or conservative, orthodox or freethinker. The lottery is a recognized wheel in the big machinery of state.

In one large room of the administration building is an interesting array of curiously constructed appliances. These are

models invented as improvements on the drawing apparatus in use. A large number of inventors in Prussia are attracted by the problem of rendering the drawing modus as absolutely impartial and unhampered by accidents as may be. The method in vogue now and for many years past seems, indeed, hardly the ideal. At the drawings there are two wheels, each half-filled with numbered slips. These wheels are securely screwed to a huge, solid table, and each of them is turned but once after one hundred slips have been drawn. The blind boys stand one by each wheel, and from one wheel the numbers corresponding with the numbers of the tickets are taken out, while from the other the winning numbers are drawn. There is a standing complaint among the veteran lottery players of Prussia that the wheels themselves are not suitably constructed. Many prefer the globular shape for the drum. Others think themselves injured because the wheels are so seldom turned. It is curious to note that these and similar complaints become louder and louder each time as the last day of the drawing approaches, and thus the chances of those whose tickets have so far not "come out" are speedily diminishing. When I state that the number of tickets disposed of for the one hundred and ninety-fourth Prussian Class lottery amounted to two hundred and twenty-five thousand six hundred and twenty, and that, owing to the high price of a whole ticket, these are sold in halves, quarters and tenths, and that in many cases the owners of fractional tickets again subdivide them, it will be seen that the interest created by each drawing of the big royal lottery goes down to the very bone and sinew of the nation, and that in almost every hamlet in the whole of Prussia the lists are watched with feverish anxiety. Nearly all the newspapers publish these lists as a separate supplement to their issue, and I have seen long strings of excited men and women lining the street in front of newspaper offices, intently peering at the rows of figures which to them mean so much. Now and then it happens that the intense strain on the minds of some of these passionate lottery players when, perhaps, they had risked their last money in the hope of recouping themselves, un-



PREPARING THE LIST OF WINNERS.

settles the reason. Not long ago one of these unlucky players became a raving maniac while watching the last drawing. Many suicides are due to the same cause.

A dramatic case was that of a man named Baumbach. He had been the owner of a popular restaurant in Berlin, but sold out and went to Switzerland. In Geneva he opened another fine restaurant, but after a time failed. With the balance of his fortune, a few thousand francs, he went to Monte Carlo as a last resort, but lost all and then shot himself. Now the singular point was this: Baumbach had been playing lottery all his life and had never won anything. His disconsolate widow, three days after the suicide of her husband, received telegraphic news that the last lottery ticket played by him had made a hit to the tune of two hundred and fifty thousand marks.

Generally speaking, it can be said that the large winnings are made by poor persons. There has never been a case, for instance, in the whole century of the Prussian State lottery's existence that a wealthy or even a well-to-do player has won the "grosses Loos." Nearly always it has been played in fractions, so that the whole prize of five hundred thousand marks (or about one hundred and twenty thousand dollars) is split up among a

score or more of persons. That was the case last fall, when a number of poor mechanics and laborers were raised suddenly to affluence, or what passed as such with them. Each one of them at once invested his money sensibly and prudently by starting in business on his own account, or by putting it in safe, interest-bearing securities. One of the winners, a poor washerwoman, with part of her money set about to realize the desire of her heart. She entered her boy for a university course. About five years ago, F. W. Ladner, having won half the prize, took all his money, some sixty thousand dollars, and started off, ostensibly on a trip around the world, since which nothing more has been heard of him, and his friends fear he must have become the victim of foul play.

The prizes are sometimes distributed in a most curious way. The big Berlin Horse lottery has just taken place. The prize of thirty thousand marks was won by the head-waiter of a hotel in Frankfort-on-Main. The owner of the hotel last Christmas eve purchased a number of these lottery tickets at one mark (twenty-four cents) apiece for distribution among his help, besides other substantial gifts, and his head-waiter drew the prize.

These lotteries, both state and private,

are honestly conducted in Prussia and the rest of Germany—no bogus lists, no bogus prizes, everything being lawful and above board. The plan of each lottery enterprise must be submitted to the government authorities before being approved, and as for the plan of the Royal Prussian lottery, that is well-known to the general public. There are four classes in the latter, with one drawing every month, the fourth by far the most important. Thirty-two million six hundred and three thousand six hundred and ten marks are paid out and in monthly; all the money received for tickets being disbursed again for prizes, with the excep-

Saxon State lottery, as well as of some others run under the auspices of separate German state governments. But the very fact that certain lotteries are legal in Prussia, while others are not, has led to an odd state of things.

For instance, of the large lotteries only the Prussian State lottery may legally be played in Prussia, whereas the Prussian one is forbidden in the adjoining territory of Saxony, or of Brunswick, or Hamburg, or Mecklenburg, all of which have their own state lotteries, run for the purpose of increasing the revenues. Dealers and collectors and players of "foreign" lotteries, i.e., ex-territorial lotteries, are



CHIEF DIRECTOR OF THE LOTTERIES IN HIS OFFICE.

tion of fifteen and four-fifths per cent., which is deducted from the winnings by the state, and out of which all the expenses of management and the revenues accruing to the state are taken. In the fourth class there are, for instance, one hundred and ninety thousand tickets, of which seventy-seven thousand one hundred and ninety win prizes. Thus it will be seen that, aside from the element of chance and the unhealthy spirit of speculation nursed by any lottery, nothing could be fairer. Dealers and players both assert that what is true of the Royal Prussian lottery is even truer of the

prosecuted and severely fined or jailed. And while it is held to be a rather praiseworthy thing for a loyal Prussian subject to gamble in the home lotteries, the government press feels it a duty to warn its readers, ever and anon, against throwing their good Prussian money away on non-Prussian enterprises. They wax quite eloquent in the task, and the police, who keep a strict surveillance, supply the newspapers with frequent hints and facts as to new developments calculated to injure the profitability of the Prussian State lottery.

The local agents of the Mecklenburg

State lottery are made very uncomfortable just now. These agents receive from the Mecklenburg government no less than six per cent. commission on their sales, whereas the Prussian lottery dealers only receive two per cent.; and hence it is that Prussian dealers are found unpatriotic enough to incur the risk and sell these "foreign" tickets. To drive these Mecklenburg agents out of the fat pastures of Berlin, the Prussian government has had re-

course to an unpleasant but very effective means, viz., withholding the mail sent to or from these agents. Their patrons are dealt with just as severely as the agents themselves. Thus good

Prussian patriotism is forcibly inculcated. A number of Dutch lottery enterprises which likewise are grazing on Prussian pastures are being similarly proceeded against—the Hollandische Credietbank in Amsterdam, and others.

On their part again these non-Prussian lottery managers resort to similar tactics on their home territory. Retaliation is practised all around; in Saxony, Brunswick, Hamburg and elsewhere.

The tiny duchy of Saxe-Altenburg,

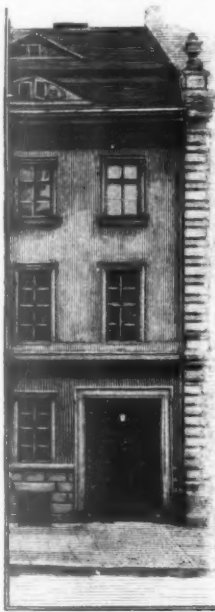
having a special agreement with the royal Saxon government, by virtue of which the latter was permitted to sell their lottery tickets to the subjects of the duke, recently took steps to annul the agreement. The reason given was that the reimbursement paid the duchy for the privilege was not large enough. Now the joint governments of the small Thuringian states, of which Saxe-Altenburg is one, are planning the founding of a lottery of their own, in order to be enabled to fleece their own sheep.

Side by side with this condition of things, though, has gone the plan—elaborated, considered, rejected and then resumed, over and over again—of amalgamating all the German state lotteries into a single Pan-German concern. Thus far, however, it has been discovered that the non-Prussian states are quite contented with the existing order of things, inasmuch as that yields them revenue—by poaching on Prussian domains—much larger than would fall to their share of the profits if a Pan-German lottery were to be apportioned off.

Another queer consequence of the legality of lottery playing in Germany is the fact that quite a share of the attention of German courts is claimed by cases growing out of unsettled or disputed lottery claims. Each player in an authorized state lottery in Prussia holds



MAKING TICKETS FOR THE WHEEL.



ENTRANCE TO THE LOTTERY ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

his legal rights by virtue of a printed, signed, countersigned and stamped contract with the lottery management. These contracts are—as contracts are apt to be everywhere—full of “ifs” and “whens,” and are, generally speaking, rather hard on the players. The slightest slip on their part may lead to the nullification of the tickets and to the non-payment of the prizes they may have won. This, quite often, brings about litigation. Another feature is the unscrupulousness of ticket-holders or agents. It is, for instance, of frequent occurrence that the owners of tickets pawn them as security for a loan, and then it happens that the “uncle” claims the prize which the ticket may draw. The courts have, however, decided that he has no legal right to such claim. On the other hand, it is difficult to understand what a ticket could be worth to the person with whom it is pledged unless its prize-winning possibilities are included in the holding of it.

Quite an industry, too, is in vogue in Germany owing to the lending of lottery tickets. On or just before the day of drawing, a ticket-holder, being in need of money, lends it to another person, for a consideration, of course. The German judges have again and again decided that prizes falling to such tickets do not belong to the person holding them in trust.

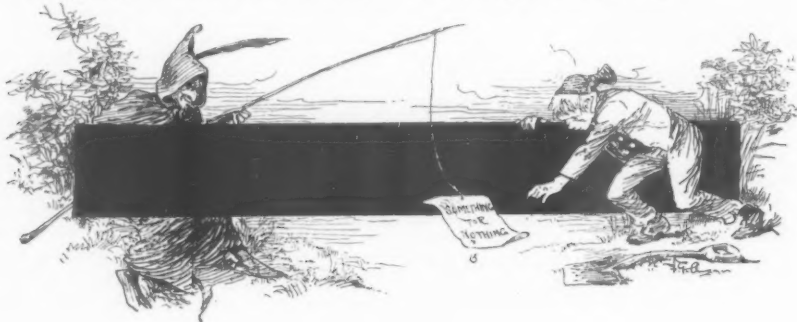
Despite these numerous decisions a regular and expected feature of each drawing are the disputes, more or less serious, arising out of claims that prizes drawn by hypothecated tickets should go to the then holder of the ticket. The disputes frequently lead to acts of violence that are disgraceful in the extreme.

Usury, too, has taken the field in these

matters. The more important state lotteries sell tickets which are rather high in price—from forty dollars upward—and even fractional parts of them often exceed the means of poor laborers, mechanics or seamstresses. The money-lender steps in, or else the lottery agent himself, and sells such tickets on time payments. There was a case of that kind in Cologne recently. A firm there sold a poor seamstress one-tenth of a Brunswick serial ticket at the price of thirty-five marks, in monthly payments of three and one-half marks. The whole ticket was really worth only two hundred marks, and the girl had paid one hundred and fifty per cent. too much for her share of it. When the girl was unable to make prompt payment of one instalment the ticket, by the terms of the contract, was forfeited. It drew a prize.

There are many other practices, more or less shady, that have developed out of the immense popularity of lottery playing in Germany. Of course it will not do to condemn the German people outright for indulging so generally in this form of gambling, for the spirit of the gamester lives in us all, more or less; still it does seem strange to see the emperor and empress, the whole court, the government itself, encourage this species of gambling.

Public sentiment in America would not tolerate such a condition of affairs for a moment, and yet there is probably quite as much gambling in one way or another going on in the United States as in Germany, with the difference that while in one country the law stamps it as illegal and prohibits it as a vice, in the other it is considered no disgrace and, further, is fostered by the authorities.





From a photograph by Downey, London.

CORA URQUHARDT POTTER.

ACTRESS AIDED BY CAMERA.

BY DANIEL FROHMAN.

IN 1879, when I was manager of the Madison Square Theater, photographs of scenes and plays had not been generally adopted as advertising material. I availed myself of a new scheme offered me by Mr. B. J. Falk, the photographer, by which he was enabled, about a year after this date, to make a combined electric and flash-light photograph of a scene in "A Russian Honeymoon," a play by Mrs. Burton Harrison. It represented a great many stage figures, and the improvements in the flash-light system since that period have not exceeded the artistic result produced on that occasion.

Flash-lights are not successful, so far as faithful reproduction of the actors' faces

and expressions go, but they are admirable for use in depicting the physical character of the dramatic situation. To overcome this defect, we began a system of photographing "situations" in the various plays at Madison Square Theater in segregated scenes. For this purpose recourse was had to the photographer's studio, and the results were so wholly satisfactory that, from that time on to the present day, theatrical photographing became a very important factor in play advertising. The benefits of the photographing system enabled managers to display pictures subsequently in other cities when these companies were seen on tour. Audiences could then realize that the plays were to



From a photograph. Copyright, 1896, by B. J. Falk.
MINNIE ASHLEY.

be performed by what was then called "the original company."

In later years, stars were likewise photographed, with their principal supporting people, and thus faithful pictorial reflections of the actual artists were obtained for display. Up to that period (in 1880), and for years later, a number of preëminently popular actresses were in the habit of receiving royalties from certain photographers upon the sale of their pictures. This required an exclusive contract made with one studio. This custom, however, is now obsolete. Actors and actresses are photographed without reference to the question of financial gain to them, as it is deemed of sufficient value as an advertisement to permit of a general sale of their photographs in, and to all, parts of the country. The crowded condition of

our stage and the varied number of entertainments constantly before the public, bring about a desire for discrimination in advertising which photographs have largely satisfied. Since the newspapers themselves have adopted pictorial departments, recourse has been had to the stage for many of their subjects, and thus photographs of scenes taken early in the career of a new and important production are now printed in the daily newspaper as a matter of the news intelligence of the day. Other publications which have a theatrical department, including the weekly papers, have found theatrical pictorial literature both profitable and desirable.

The sittings of actors at studios are of special interest to



From a photograph by Aimé Dupont, N. Y.
GRACE HENDERSON.



From a photograph by Schloss, N. Y.

MARY MANNERING.

the photographer. It puts the manager of the camera on his mettle. He knows the world at large will criticise or witness his work; it is a good advertisement for him. A special day is set for this purpose; costumes are sent to the studio, and in many cases an actress herself suggests the pose and point of view from which the best results are obtained. It sometimes happens, however, that a handsome woman, or an actor with an interesting face, is not successful as a subject for the camera.



From a photograph by Aimé Dupont, N. Y.
MRS. BEERBOHM TREE.



From a photograph. Copyright, 1895, by B. J. Falk, N. Y.
VIRGINIA HARNED.

These subjects need the most careful study. Expression will then sometimes take the place of other more arbitrary qualities. The camera is capricious and sometimes whimsical. In that case the combined art of the photographer and the actor is brought into requisition.

Though the sale of actors' photographs is still a large, if not the largest, factor in the photographer's profits, the half-tone reproductions so admirably presented in recent years seem to have lessened their sales; hence a number of permanent dealers have recourse to copyrighting their subjects.

Where an entire company is photographed in the "situations" of a play, the manager himself prepares



Copyright, 1895, by B. J. Falk.

MABEL LOVE.

the groupings he requires reproduced, and poses his company for the effect desired. For this an entire morning and afternoon are consumed at the studio, and sometimes several days. The costumes of the people are sent down early in the morning, dressing-rooms are distributed to the actors in which the various changes of costume can be made, and much time and patience are required for the operation. Work of this kind is quite as serious as

a performance. There are sometimes repeated sittings, and many duplicates are made of single poses and situations, in order that the proofs may bring out a correct effect.

At the beginning of a stock season in New York, it is frequently the custom of the manager to arrange sittings for all the members of his company. These will include those remaining over from the previous season and the new recruits to his organization. As soon as he has produced a play which promises a



From a photograph. Copyright, 1893, by B. J. Falk, N. Y.

LILLIAN RUSSELL.



From a photograph. Copyright, 1892, by B. J. Falk.
JULIA MARLOW.

fairly successful run, photographs of the actors, in their costumes, and of the play, with its important situations, are secured.

The leading members of the company are posed before the camera in as many different positions and costumes as possible. Hundreds of prints are then made. These are displayed either in New York or are preserved for display in other cities, for the company's impending tour at the termination of its New York season. Thus, in the course of a season, an actor or actress spends many hours in posing at a studio, and the value of these photographic reproductions to a manager are such that he is frequently enabled to lessen the usual amount of pictorial printing required for



From a photo by Aimé Dupont.
MAXIME ELLIOT.

display in windows of shops out of town when his company is "on tour." So widespread and popular has this art become that the photographic reproductions of situations in current plays have been largely an indication of their success, since the expense could hardly be justified were this not so; and as so much of the dramatic work on the stage is largely pictorial in its character, these photographs have the power of indicating effectively the style of the successful play, the manner of its costuming, and the character of the situations. They have forced cheap lithographic pictures out of the field.

Some years ago, when I was experimenting in photographic results, I at-



From a photograph by Aimé Dupont, N. Y.
FRANCES SAVILLE.

tempted what was called a "composite" picture. It was the photographing of all the members of my company upon one plate, superimposing one face upon the other, to bring about what might be regarded as the dominating and resultant facial characteristic of the entire organization. The general absence of beards on the faces of the men made the result largely feminine in its character. The photograph, however, was taken purely as a matter of curiosity. It represented the company which was then engaged in playing "The Wife," at the Lyceum Theater.



From a photograph. Copyright, 1896, by B. J. Falk, N. Y.

MADGE LESSING.

Efforts are being made constantly by photographers to invent new methods and schemes of stage photography. Larger cameras have been secured, which by a broader surface enable them to increase the size of the figure or the head; and subsequent reproductions enlarge these photographs to a greater magnitude.

The new inventions in photography represent a remarkable advance. A company in New York have succeeded to such an extent in the development of photographic mechanics that they are enabled to reproduce negatives and prints of a life size, while the development of the kinetoscope system of photographing into what is called the "biograph," reproduces moving scenes (or scenes in motion), brought about by an exposure, in which forty views are taken in a single second! A place in New York is being established wherein the action of an entire play can be photographed. All that will then be required to deprive

a manager of his function as an entertainer is to add the graphophone or audiphone attachment, and, while watching the action, one may listen also to the words of the play. It certainly would form an important factor in the offering of plays by authors at a distance to their managers, since, instead of the necessary reading of a manuscript, an actual performance could be submitted for his judgment.

The aim of the entire photographic scheme is to secure a life-like, faithful and artistic reproduction of the play or actor. These pictures are used also for the purpose of reproduction in lithographic form for show printing. In this way the

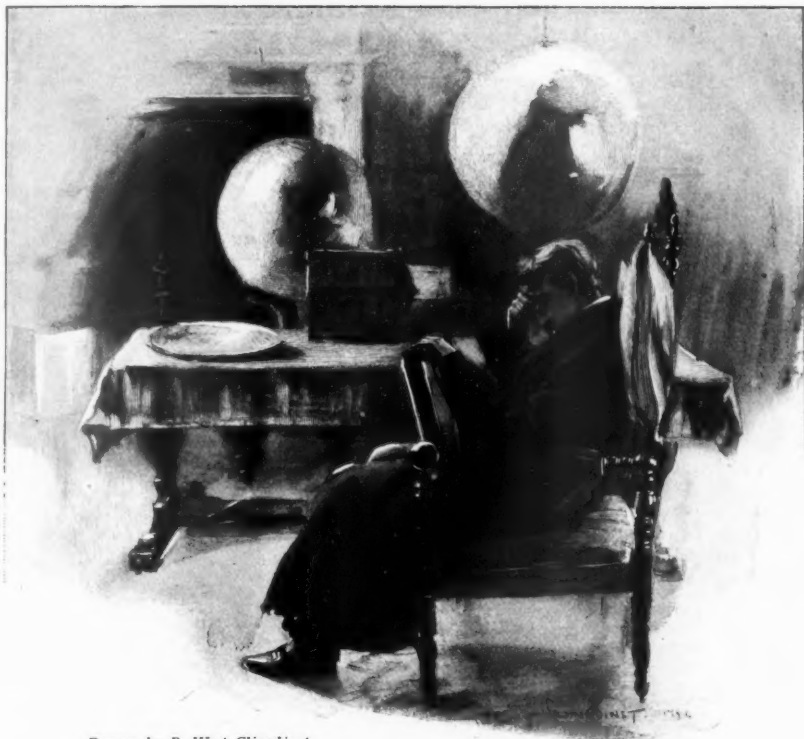
printer reflects, by its faithful copy of the original, the person or persons actually employed in the representation of a play and not of an imaginary scene. The fancy and purely imaginative pictures of actors and of situations in plays, for advertising purposes, are largely a thing of the past.



From a photograph. Copyright, 1895, by B. J. Falk, N. Y.

CAROLINE MISKEL-HOYT.





Drawn by B. West Clinedinst

A MODERN FAIRY TALE.

BY THERON C. CRAWFORD.

THE WISH FOR KNOWLEDGE.

"I AM sure we must acknowledge that this wish is beyond our powers. Even common sense and money have rare limits."

"It does seem difficult."

"Difficult! We are confronted by the wish for the impossible."

"Mr. Barnard, it is the first time I have ever heard you use that word."

"I do not like the word or what it implies, but I confess it exists. Professor Lord, what kind of a man is this client of yours who has wished for absolute knowledge?"

"I will introduce him to you. He is due here now to keep the appointment I made with him to meet you. I have

known him for years. His name is Captain Henry Holz. He is an engineer officer in the army and one of the most noted of the scientific men in Washington. He is about fifty-five years of age. He is a tireless student, consumed with a passion for knowledge. His constant complaint is that life is so short. After thirty years of study he is saddened by the profundity of his ignorance, lightened only by scraps of scientific suggestion. It was only the other day that he said to me: 'You may call me a student, but never speak of me as a learned man. We scientific men can give you only suppositions. We cannot even tell you the exact cause and method lying behind the simplest blaze of fire. The differentiation of matter is based upon merely a plausible

theory. Everything we assume to know is based upon guess-work which we strive to make as logical as possible. When men of a certain class agree generally upon the adoption of the most plausible of these guesses, then there is born a theory. This theory may become mathematically demonstrable. This is shown in astronomy, which some call now an exact science, but it is not enough so to be able to measure the planets in space, their orbits, their revolutions and their rate of progress; that is rudimentary and trifling by the side of the unknown and the unknowable that confront the most studious astronomer at every turn. What is the principle, the power, the energy that sets all these systems in motion? What is the limit of the universe? Has it a limit? Can the finite mind conceive infinity? Are the planets inhabited?"

"But do you suppose anything we are able to do can throw any light upon the questions asked by your friend?"

Professor Lord smiled mysteriously, as he said:

"There may be a way to partially satisfy his wish. At least we can try to make him more unhappy than he is by helping him in the direction of his heart's desire."

"The point made by you appears to be well taken. In our experiments, so far as I have been able to observe, we have not really made any one happy by helping him to his heart's desire."

"No; happiness is found only in the individual, and that too without human aid. It is to be found, in my judgment, within and never without."

At this point in the conversation a servant announced Captain Henry Holz. He came in with a rush. His powerful, tall military figure filled the doorway for a second and then his positive individuality invaded the room with the influence of seemingly a number of people. His was a complex, highly magnetic character. His large well-shaped head was covered with crisp, curling iron-gray hair, just beginning to thin at the top of his very high, full forehead. His eyes were dark-brown, full of fire, with twinkles of kindly thought at the corners; his nose was straight; a well-kept dragoon's mustache shaded his firmly lined mouth, fall-

ing in trailing lines below his smoothly shaven, dogmatic chin; his complexion was a dark olive. His talk ran on with the tirelessness of a babbling brook, although the tones of his voice were in a much louder, harsher key.

It might be said of him that he thought out loud, so incessant was the stream of words from his mouth when in the presence of others at all sympathetic. His mind was in a constant state of agitation in the direction of inquiry. He had no cherished belief or theory to keep his mind steeped in prejudice. To believe in anything, he said, was very hard, but to disbelieve was even more difficult. Yet with all his scientific tirelessness he had the enthusiasm of a boy when he found himself upon the trail of a new thought. He was far from wealthy, as he had to support a family upon his meager army pay, but he could not be called in any sense an unhappy or discontented man. There was no day ever made long enough for his work, and he only thought of money when confronted with some need that called for money to meet it. It was in Europe that Captain Holz had first met John Lord. As friends they had talked over Mr. Barnard's social experiments.

To Mr. Barnard the captain at once addressed himself, with his customary impulsiveness:

"I have long wanted to meet you," said he. "You are in a fascinating position. You have the capacity and the power for the making of such interesting experiments. It is on account of my interest in this work that I have responded to my friend's request by asking you to put my wish for absolute knowledge upon your list of experiments."

"But have you not asked for what is humanly impossible?"

"What is the impossible? No one knows. The impossibility of one cycle becomes the possibility of the next. I am frank when I say to you that you may find the accomplishment of my desire as unpractical as the problem of squaring the circle. My reason for asking you to satisfy my wish lies, first, in the certainty that the cause of science will be advanced by your attempt, which I am convinced will be upon a magnificent scale, and, second, upon the thought that perhaps



Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

"HE SAID IN A CLEAR, MUSICAL VOICE, 'WELCOME!'"

we together may succeed in arriving at the principle underlying all matter, and so solve all material mysteries."

Mr. Barnard fixed his very cold eyes upon the captain with so much force that for a moment he was silent, as the former said:

"I see that you are a very enthusiastic man. Where enthusiasm has a logical basis it is a great auxiliary. In selecting my lieutenants in the post I held in the Universal Trust, I have always given great regard to this quality of enthusiasm, but I now want from you something more than buoyant assertion. What leads you to think that there is a possibility of our discovering the principle underlying matter, whatever that may mean?"

"I will tell you. In so doing I will have to relate an experience in my life. From that I have made my induction that absolute knowledge is even a possibility of this life."

"Do you say of this life? Do you know of any other?"

"Scientifically, I do not. On the subject of another life we must surmise. We can submit merely a theory. It may be a logical one, but at best it is only a theory. Alas! it is with this subject as with all others; no one has absolute knowledge. In the present state of knowledge very little can be proved."

"Not even that we exist?" said Mr. Barnard sarcastically.

"What is existence?" asked Captain Holz. "Let us define that before we try to prove it. Who are you? The human machine, your body, called into action by the unknown principle termed life, comes from dust, and to dust it returns in that endless chain found in the indestructibility of matter. What animates this machine? What is the principle that enables you to open and shut your hand? You say 'will,' but what is 'will'? Everywhere we are met by 'No thoroughfare.' What is the so-called spirit, the vital force of your body? Is it also indestructible? If so, does it pass on to other bodies as the material elements discarded from the one dead inert human machine pass into new combinations in the laboratory of mother earth?"

"But we have many beliefs in the world which explain."

"To me, nothing; but my belief that

absolute knowledge is yet a possibility to us at some stage of our existence is based upon an experience in my life, which, while scientifically it has proved nothing, yet is responsible for the wish that I have expressed to you."

"What was this experience?"

"Ten years ago I was in the West. Through exposure in a blizzard near our post I caught a severe cold that turned to pneumonia. My lungs congested with such rapidity that from the first the army surgeons in attendance upon me considered my chances as desperate. Underneath all this physical trouble my mind remained wonderfully clear. While apparently unconscious, I distinctly heard the chief surgeon say, 'He is dying; he will not live out the hour.' Remember, that although my body was as inert as if life had already passed from it, my mind was as clear as ever it was. I was conscious of studying the approaching phenomena of death with rapturous interest. The sensation of fear incorporated in the bodily sense for our preservation existed no longer with the extinguishment of the life-fires. I was conscious now of the gradual cooling of the body, beginning at the feet. This sensation of cold passed up the body until it reached the brain, then there was unconsciousness and a blank. After a period which might have been a century or a second, I became again conscious.

"This consciousness seemed to me at the time to be clear and distinct, although, now removed from it, I could not swear that it was anything more or less than a dream—a possible picture made upon the still living part of my brain; yet this consciousness was so distinct, so clear and so free, and I was impressed with such a subtle sense of power and knowledge, that I was led to infer, or rather hope, that a condition may yet come to us in which we are free from bodily trammels, so that through the spirit or interior consciousness we may arrive at a knowledge of all things.

"In this condition I saw my body lying upon the bed and heard the comments upon it, but, just like a chapter in a dream, there came a sudden change to unconsciousness, and when that period closed, I was back again."

"Were you conscious of having form in

the sense of occupying space?" asked Mr. Barnard, with deep interest.

"Not in the sense you ask. I was conscious of the ready ability to create instantly a correct image of my body. This idea, instead of creating a feeling of vagueness, gave me a sensation of power. I was curious also to study at once this first impression. Upon what instrument of consciousness was it recorded. The actual brain of my body was numb, inert and irresponsive. Was the brain now an organ of the spirit created from the individuality of the I, or was it a mental creation from something more interior? Was this not merely the operation of the life principle in its indestructible movement through the endless changes of nature? Then there went through me like a warm wave the thought at least I continue to live beyond the experiment of earth. All this which I repeat might have taken a century or a second of time, so profound was my inner absorption. I finally came outside of this condition, which was entirely inward, like a state of profound concentrated thought, and looking about me I saw that my body was lying upon the bed, inert. The two surgeons had just finished their examination. The chief surgeon said: 'Yes, he is quite gone. It is wonderful how long that faint thread of life has held.'

"It is curious how I was affected by the remark of this surgeon. I was really indignant at the thought that he had not been able himself, through his knowledge of medicine, to control the clogging of my bodily machine. I also saw clearly that he would take to himself the credit of my recovery. This recovery came from the revivifying of some inferior principle which enabled me, through my will, to throw off that which threatened to end my life."

Mr. Barnard asked curiously, "Do these impressions of yours prove anything? Would you consider that the incident you describe is evidence going to show that there is another existence after this?"

"No; I do not think that the incident would be accepted by scientists. Neither would I say it alone produced in my mind anything more than a deep impression. It could hardly be said that this experience could be classed as evidence from a scientific standpoint."

"What is a scientific standpoint?"

"One where one stands without prejudice, looking only for the truth, and accepting in its demonstration only facts."

"Would not the record of your observations as an honest man be accepted as a fact?"

"No; I myself, as a stranger to such an experience, would not accept it. If we were to have the repeated records of such experiences from competent observers, then these united records might be sufficient to establish—"

"A theory or a fact?"

"I am afraid it would be a theory. Do not criticise the scientific spirit of doubt. It is the saving grace of the world. It keeps the world healthy and sane in spite of itself."

But how could any experiment in this direction be now tried?"

"I hardly know, except through a council of the most distinguished scientists in the world. If they were all brought together, and if the leaders only came, we would not have over half a dozen men. We might get some suggestion. I found in my experience that it is the earthly body that confuses the I, the real individual. If one could be temporarily freed from the body, so as to release the central intelligence, then a record of experiments could be made which might solve all the questions which have always puzzled us, and which may for countless ages remain mysteries."

Here Professor Lord took part in the conversation.

"Mr. Barnard," said he, "it is possible that the work of Mortimer Mortimer may have some bearing on this request or desire of our friend. You have seen something of him, and know of his daring originality. There should be men in his circle who could help Captain Holz."

"I know a good deal about Mortimer Mortimer," said Captain Holz, "but only through reports published in the London periodicals. The disappearance syndicate organized by him to procure the successful disappearance of individuals weary of their surroundings, so as to make no failure or scandal, at first attracted me to the man. Where is he now?"

"At his castle in the Hartz Mountains."

"How did you come to know him?"

"I knew him in London. I am the corresponding secretary of the Society for the Promotion of the Universal Brotherhood of Man for this country. I have kept him fully advised of Mr. Barnard's social experiments. He has asked me to confer with him should we encounter a wish too difficult for us to satisfy. If it is agreeable to you I will cable to him this wish, and we will meet to-morrow to consider his answer.

The next evening the same men met. Professor Lord read the following cable answer to his inquiry of the day previous :

"DECEMBER 10TH.

"LORD, New York.—The gratification of wish formulated is possible, but warn the man that the granting of this wish will bring great unhappiness. If persisted in, you can arrange for the experiment at my castle January 1st."

MORTIMER.

"That, for the warning," cried the captain when the cablegram was finished. All my life has been one continued struggle for knowledge. It is the ruling passion of my life. I would neglect no opportunity for fear of any unhappy consequences to myself. I know that Mortimer Mortimer has high rank in the scientific world. I have often heard possibilities of the work of this great laboratory in the Hartz Mountains. But it has been closed to the ordinary scientific world and so we have had little opportunity to judge it, except by the occasional brilliant results in the solution of modern problems. But to have an opportunity to put some of my own theories to the test and to acquire knowledge, I would shrink from no danger that would involve myself alone."

Mr. Barnard here said, "What is your present army pay?"

"It is about twenty-four hundred a year. I make perhaps twelve hundred a year more with my scientific work."

"That makes three thousand odd a year. I will deposit to-morrow with the Universal Trust a sum to your credit that will insure a payment of five thousand a year during life, with reversion to your wife in the event of your death."

To the quick look of surprise of Captain Holz, Mr. Barnard said:

"You need not thank me. You are one

of the few men I have met who does not put money above everything. You think of it now only as a means to an end. Your family's future alone would make you shrink from consideration of this experiment. The provision I have made is simply to safeguard you on that point.

"But with absolute knowledge," said Captain Holz, "I would soon be the richest man in the world. But I have not thought of the value of this knowledge from a commercial standpoint, for I only mention it now to show you that if the experiment should succeed so as to give me absolute knowledge of any one branch of science, I could soon repay you the guaranteed sum."

"I should not object to that," said Mr. Barnard, "although I should not demand it. I should like to see, perhaps, the commercial application of anything you may acquire in your studies with Mortimer Mortimer. You are willing to go ahead, then?"

"Yes;" I will apply to-morrow for three months' leave. I can get it, as I am practically free, on account of my scientific work. I shall ask for leave to cross the seas, and if the experiment succeeds in any small degree, I shall resign; but if it does not, I shall prefer my army work to your guaranty fund, and then your money shall come back to you. I accept, for the moment, from you insurance, that is all."

Upon December 31st of the year in which this most notable experiment was made, Hiram Barnard, accompanied by Captain Holz and two servants, arrived at Blauvelt, a station upon the main line from Dresden through the Hartz Mountains region.

A carriage that was in waiting, sent by Mortimer Mortimer, set off the moment the visitors were all seated. The servants were to follow in another and heavier wagon, also in waiting. The castle was some ten miles from the station, well up in the mountains of the Brocken region. The roads, although constantly mounting, were so smooth and so artfully arranged in lines of easy ascent that the carriage continued at a sharp trot nearly the whole way. The night was cold, sharp and clear.

The castle, a heavy, picturesque building of the middle ages, was lighted as if

for a grand reception. There was not a window or aperture in the battlements, towers and divisions that did not show a light that glowed like a star of the first magnitude. The carriage dashed from the gloom of the forest-shadowed roadway into the open blaze of the brilliantly lighted courtyard directly up to a noble portal, in the open doorway of which stood Mortimer, with a retinue of attendants in oriental costumes. Mortimer was himself in a shining royal red silk costume of a high priest. Gold embroidery emblazoned certain mystic symbols upon the dress. A snow-white turban, upon the front of which blazed a diamond, set off his clear, statuesque-featured face, as he said in a clear, musical voice, "Welcome!" The manner of this utterance was in itself a whole speech of flowery hospitality.

The two visitors paused under the portal, looking steadfastly at the tall figure of their host, who was the center of a group of picturesque costumed people, backed and bathed by a soft, glowing light from the castle. This light did not blaze. It simply glowed. It never dazzled, but illumined, coming gently outward upon the cool, pine-laden mountain air of the night, with a radiance that simply banished darkness and left nowhere within its radius a single shadow.

At the conclusion of a simple dinner which was served later, the host said, in answer to a spirited argument from Captain Holz in favor of the theory that war would exist as long as the human race: "Must we kill in order to bring out mere self-denial? But I know at heart you aim

at the good of the world. Your passion for knowledge shows that. The teachings of your military environment will pass from you when you see that the race is progressing beyond the period when the mere taking of life with the hand of might can be regarded as a proper method of settling disputes. We will teach you another doctrine which may become as effective in stirring the commercial man from selfishness, as your trade of war."

"The experiment you are to make may throw some light on the subject. If you can do anything to widen my realm of knowledge I shall be happy. If I gain here one fact, I shall go away well repaid for my work. I have heard of your studies for many years, and understand that nearly all the great discoveries of the last quarter of a century came from your society, although you claim none of the credit."

"Be that as it may, you shall before you go know all that we know. Then you will be free to go or stay. Your work in the past and your wish entitle you to be here."

"When am I to know?"

"You have all the impatience of your impulsive character. Your first lesson is

to be this evening, if you will. You are rested?"

"This enchanting dinner and the atmosphere of the place combined have given me a new life. Was I ever fatigued? It is possible, but now I cannot recall the sensation, for it is so far from me."

"You feel at home here, I see. Your spirit cries out to its mates."

"My spirit?"



Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

CAPTAIN HENRY HOLZ.

"Ah! I forget you are a modern scientist. You do not recognize the spirit. No wonder you have as yet missed the keynote of existence; for to ignore the spirit is to be blind and deaf."

"I do not ignore. I cannot seize upon the impalpable and the unknowable. I long to know the truth. I am not afraid of any fact, else I should not be here."

The captain left the room and at the door he found a tall, swarthy, oriental messenger, who saluted him graciously and, walking before him, piloted the way to the chapel of the castle. This chapel, large enough to hold one thousand people, was lighted throughout with the same soft, gentle light which had so attracted the attention of Captain Holz upon his arrival. The low music of an organ was heard as he advanced with the messenger to the center of the space in front of the chancel. He looked about him but found no one. The attendant disappeared at the left. He stood erect, in the attitude of an officer on dress parade, waiting confidently and curiously for the next development. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, the lights disappeared, and then there succeeded a darkness so profound and deep that space seemed, for the moment, to be eaten up. Not a single form was visible in the dimmest outline within range of the captain's vision. There seemed to be a clinging softness about this darkness. There was in it no weight or feeling of depression. The effect of the absence of light seemed for the moment to banish the outside world from the mind of the officer. He stood alone, with his mind active and alert, ready to seize upon the first impression.

After a few moments of silence a voice was heard following the chanting cadence of the Litany. For a moment the sense of the words spoken was lost in the melody; then came distinctly the words, as the captain heard said and repeated, "Who is this who stands before us?" and then came an answer from another voice, also in the same melodious cadence, "It is he who seeks after the truth," and then again was silence, more music, and then appeared a faint star of light in the dim distance directly in front of the candidate. This light slowly grew and deepened, and then advanced like a cloud of luminous

vapor to the front of the chancel, disclosing, as it reached the rail, the form of a woman—young and beautiful, with a look of dignity, solemnity and sincerity which lent a greater charm to her graceful features. She was dressed in white, which fell in clinging folds. She looked directly, with a deep, clear, searching gaze, upon the face of Captain Holz, who was thrilled to the bottom of his heart with adoration at the gracious vision, which now appeared to take on more and more the appearance of reality. Then darkness faded, and the light in the church came back—what had seemed to be a dream proved to be reality. The figure that stood before him was that of a real human person, although wearing a look of sincerity, of pity and of high purpose far beyond that seen in the ordinary walks of life. It was the face of a high priestess, as a poet might have conceived it.

"I recognize you," almost shouted the captain. "You are the president of the Council of Ten."

The lady bowed and said, "You, sir, are summoned to meet this council. It holds its meetings in this chapel. About this table in this chancel we shall soon all be assembled. But first I am to examine you. Will you answer freely my questions?"

"Yes; with all my heart."

"Is there no other wish or desire in the world that you would exchange for this wish for absolute knowledge?"

"No."

"Not for love of the purest and the highest?"

"I have said 'No.' I never change."

"Your motive?"

"It is primarily perhaps selfish; but at the bottom of my heart I hope I am aiming at the good of my fellow-man. It is only through knowledge that the race advances. Nearly all the misery in the world comes from ignorance."

"And you think you can banish misery from the world if you have all the knowledge in the universe? Do you think any one would listen to you? What has been the fate of men who have led in the advanced rank of thought? Have they not nearly always been martyrs? What would be the fate of the ordinary thinker of the nineteenth century if he were to meet the savants of the eighteenth? Do

you think they would spare his life? You know there is no such tyranny as there has been. It forever tramples upon the shall be. Governments are formed and maintained upon what has taken place in the past—in other words, precedents. Religion in its denominational form is based upon centuries of the past. Everything in life moves slowly and reluctantly in the direction of the new. If you were given your heart's desire, you count from the first unhappiness and perhaps cruel misery. With your eyes truly opened you may refuse to live."

Captain Holz raised his head proudly. "Madam," said he, "I have heard of your fame and goodness, and how your society, through its harmony with the universal will, sends out potent influences through the world in the direction of good. I know that you oppose war, that you encourage all things that are dear to me in science, and that you have here a religion which is fair and above dogma. I understand, therefore, the kind spirit of warning which comes from you; but nothing that any one can say could turn me for one moment from my purpose. I wish to know. I wish to see things as they really are. I wish again to be freed from the material cloud as I once was. If for that I have to pay the penalty of martyrdom and isolation from my fellows, for that I am prepared."

At this his questioner bowed gravely and said, "You have chosen, and I do not say that you have not chosen wisely. It is the answer that I should have expected." At this she turned and walked to the head of the table, where she took a seat, nodding to the captain to sit down near.

A few moments afterward Mortimer Mortimer entered the room, accompanied by the different members of the Council of Ten. This council was composed of five men and five women. They wore the ordinary evening dress of civilization. Some, like the president of the council, were young, while others represented extreme old age. Here youth and its opposite met in council. Mortimer Mortimer, who seemed to belong to both periods, acted as the general director. There was an absence of formality. It might have been any gathering of friendly, kindly, refined people about a board for mere social pleasure.

When the council was called to order a globe was lowered from the center of the high ceiling until it hung, shimmering with a deep mysterious light, just upon the line of vision of those about the board. Heavy curtains fell just outside the chancel, shutting off the main body of the chapel. This interior, so constructed, was the ordinary council chamber of the castle. "Here," said Mortimer Mortimer, "is a seat for each guest." With that he gave up his own chair, just upon a line with the crystal, and beckoned the captain to take a seat. As the latter obeyed Mortimer Mortimer said to his associates: "This gentleman is the first soldier that we have ever permitted to enter our council chamber. He is opposed to us by his profession, but in his heart I believe that he is with us, and when his eyes are opened I feel confident, from my knowledge of him, that he will belong to us and work with us to accomplish the ends that we seek."

At the bottom of Captain Holz's character there was an artistic sense. He belonged to a family of artists and there was enough of the art quality in his blood to make him appreciate the beautiful picture that was presented by this group of distinguished looking people, seated about the massive council table, over which fell the light of a mysterious glow, penetrating even to the dark purple background of the somber curtains. But most of all he was thrilled to the heart by the warm, kind glances of the president of the council. All that was chivalric in his nature responded to the appeal of this dignified, beautiful woman. He said, "I have always, in a measure, doubted the existence of this Council of Ten, but while I have not too seriously questioned it, I have utterly disbelieved the report that it was presided over by a woman."

"Throughout the world you find that it is the influence of woman that is in the end the most potent," replied Mortimer, "and we have recognized that principle in this council, although the division of sexes is equal."

It was now the president of the council who spoke: "Captain, we have really nothing mysterious here; we simply have solved some of the mysteries of life which you have so long sought to penetrate. Perhaps when we have finished with you,

you may feel that we have been able to add but little to your stock of knowledge, but we shall set up here and claim that we have with us the knowledge which is the most important for any one in the world to have. He who has that, we believe, has all, and he who has it not, however great may be his acquirements, has nothing."

At this the captain's eyes blazed. "And what may that be?" he asked.

"You must pardon me if I do not, for the moment, answer. Your first lesson to-night will be rudimentary. When a child is first sent to school he is taught the letters of the alphabet before he is taught to read. You will be simply initiated into what can be called absolute knowledge. We possess no magic powers to at once endow you with it, but we begin at the beginning, and if your heart is right and your soul true you shall grow with us, and it is possible that your eyes shall be opened and that you may have your heart's desire."

Captain Holz arose and bowed profoundly. "I have only one more word to say," said he, "and that is that I wish to place myself without reserve in your hands. I have confidence in your wisdom and sincerity."

At this there was a sharp transition. A bell in the globe tinkled, the light about the chamber faded and concentrated upon the globe; the globe grew deeply luminous, radiating mysterious flashes, and then there came from the lips of the captain a cry of wonder. Before him in the globe he saw a picture of almost every scene in his life. They succeeded with the rapidity of thought and followed his thoughts.

"What is this?" he cried.

"It is but a mere reflection of your thoughts," said Mortimer Mortimer. By the same process merely through co-operation with distant observers we are able to reproduce, through thought-transference, pictures of any event occurring in the world, and through the memory others not even now occurring can be quickly reproduced here. In the same way we can reproduce, through experiences of the same observers, many pictures of the past."

The president of the council now said: "We shall show you pictures of the life

of the world as it is, and then you will see how few there are who have the remotest conception of how to make the most meager use of their greatest opportunities."

Then there followed a succession of images giving the life of various countries. Throughout all the scenes the captain observed that they represented one unending struggle. Life, from the humblest to the highest, was one long continued war. In commerce, in arts, in science, in all the walks of life there was the fiercest of contests. The man who rose invariably did so through the sufferings of others. The opinions that grew invariably fattened upon the miseries and losses of poorer opinions. In all the walks of life the strong fed upon the weak, the cruel dominated the peaceful, and the unjust overcame the few who loved justice. War in its cruellest forms now came to him as the legitimate cropping out of the spirit of evil eager to dominate. He who had been taught to look upon the profession of arms as the most honorable, now saw it pictured as one of the most cruel forces of nature. Throughout these warring elements he saw only here and there gleams of kindness and unselfishness.

There now followed pictures showing the march of intelligence, and here there was the most cruel fight of all. In the material world the man who deceived and misrepresented with the greatest skill was the successful one, but in the intellectual world the cruelty of oppression, the fierceness of the relentless tyranny of preconceived opinion, were foreshadowed in the series of pictures, which might well have caused even the courageous heart of Captain Holz to hesitate. Some of the developments here were curious.

The story of an intellectual process was one of the series of pictures. Here was a man, hollow-eyed, thin, consumed with some dominating thought. Then this thought would antagonize the man with those about him whose intellectual machinery regarded only what had been inscribed there by their forefathers. Then would follow a struggle. The man with the dominating thought who had committed the humble crime of differing from his associates, but who had an intelligence different in every character from



Drawn by
B. West Clinedinst

"THE LIGHT IN THE GLOBE HAD DISAPPEARED."

those about him, was made to feel the weight of the enmity of all those who had been his former companions. Out of this would come sometimes such a fierce struggle, and the thought became so dominating, that in the end others would come to arrange their intellectual machinery so that it would work in harmony with the man who had created the original disturbance. His power of suggestion extending finally to a number, became in the end the base of a new dogma, and so his ideas became weapons to persecute and dominate others who afterward went on in advance of him. The utter madness of the whole thing was shown in these pictures. Seated outside as a spectator, mankind became reduced to a series of manikins moved hither and thither by prejudices, dominated always by the base, and fearful, from the outer to the inner core of their existence, within the shadow of anything new.

The captain was so interested in what he saw that he forgot to inquire into the means required to reproduce these distant scenes, yet he dimly understood from the start, and so was ready to accept the explanation of thought-transference and transmission of pictures by electric means, now just beginning to be talked about in the outside world.

"What is the thought that most impresses you," said the president of the council, "in looking upon these scenes of actual life?"

"The hopeless selfishness of it all," was Captain Holz's reply. "Sitting here with this comprehensive view of the whole life of the globe before me, I comprehend things that I would not have thought much about, viewed in detail and in isolated conditions. At best the impression made would have been temporary. Now I see why we progress so slowly. The human race in its struggle upward through unending contentions has learned nothing but cruelty and selfishness. As I sit here it is borne in upon me that we who have struggled to acquire knowledge have looked too much outward instead of within."

As he spoke the pictures changed, and a succession of students, scholars and inventors were passed in review at their work. Each was inspired by personal motives, anxious to rend from the other

some precious discovery that could benefit himself. Not one worked for the benefit of mankind.

"But how could they," asked Captain Holz, "work except to primarily benefit themselves? Is that not the law of progress, the survival of the fittest?"

Said the president: "Who is the fittest to survive? He who by mere might or adroitness succeeds in overcoming others? May it not be the one who occasionally yields and goes to the wall?"

"I do not know. I have been taught that nature is relentless in her progress and careless of the materials used. She spares no time upon abstract merit. She gives all the rewards to the strong."

"But who are the strong? You speak of material strength. Is not that, after all, the lowest form of force? Is it not the spiritual part that will in the end dominate? What material strength can avail against the march of an idea based upon truth?"

"I have long believed," said Captain Holz, "that it was necessary to consider the spiritual in order to properly explain existence. We can study and establish, through a series of observations, the truth of certain laws of nature; but when we follow these laws back to their fountain head we can discover no material cause, no point where we can determine the initial force of the energy that compels the working of the law. Divine will is the only explanation. But is that a satisfactory explanation?"

"It is the true explanation. Will alone can create energy or force. It is the human will that operates the force that controls the body, but it was the divine or the universal will that originated the force that you call life. You are beginning to see. You will soon find that it was not really necessary to come to the Hartz Mountains to find absolute knowledge."

"What do you mean?"

"That the source of all knowledge lies within yourself. The base of its acquirement is love for everything that lives and breathes. Your spirit is a part of the universal spirit. Place yourself in accord with it and you become the heir to the past and future ages."

"But how?"

"First by belief in your spirit and by

consultation with its monitions; by living so as to fret the body the least and so leave the spirit free. It was your spirit that saw so distinctly for you when you came near passing away in your last campaign in the West. The moment that you understand that the spirit is everything you become a master. No man fails who believes in his spirit. It is an inexhaustible supply of force. He who says to himself with force and conviction, 'I will,' allies himself to the universal will, and everything must give way before him! He cannot fail. If he says to himself, 'I will do this work,' and never falters or loses his courage, then he *will* do that work; but if he is fearful, timid and doubting, he draws to himself failure with every breath. The reason why knowledge comes to man slowly is because the wrong spirit has prevailed. Many of our so-called improvements are no improvements at all. There will be no real knowledge in the world until men have learned how to live, and have dropped from their shoulders the heaped-up burdens of care that they take up from mistaken sense of duty. It is every one's duty to be free, sensible and unselfish. Life for every one should be arranged upon simpler lines. The eager craze for wealth is only an aggravated form of selfishness. Establish the principle of universal brotherhood, and half the material cares of the world fall. The necessity for the machinery of government passes, and where every one truly wishes to help his fellow-man, want and care disappear, for the unfortunate, even now, are in the minority. But you shall be rewarded for your visit here by a practical demonstration of what we say. Under the stimulus of the will-forces concentrated upon this castle, you shall be made to see with the eyes of your spirit, but I warn you that such seeing will make it impossible for you to live in the world again as you did before. When you find this out you will find with us a haven."

* * * *

Three months passed in the castle of the Hartz Mountains before Captain Holz was prepared for the final experiment—that of awakening his spirit to its full freedom, the freedom that is only ordi-

narily gained when the body is dropped, an inert mass.

The following report of this experiment I take from Captain Holz's papers, found after his disappearance from his private office, No. 387 Broadway:

"* * * The three months at the laboratory passed with the swiftness of an enchanting dream. The moment I comprehended the law of universal will everything was clear. The differentiation of matter had its base upon the irresistible force of this all-pervading, dominating divine will. At bottom matter was identical, and science and religion of the pure non-sectarian kind at last could occupy the same plane. I, too, by long introspection and thorough cultivation of my own will, had come to be, day by day, more and more in harmony with the universal will, and so had gained strength. I began to believe that within lay the source of all things. The spirit in its subtle comprehension of thought seized it even before it had gained outward expression, and so mere linguistic ability had no weight in the classification of true knowledge, any more than a method of walking or breathing. It was a purely mechanical operation, and no more worthy to be classed with real learning than the knowledge of the manipulations of any machine. Books ceased to interest me because they generally recorded the mistaken experience and observations of those who had not been trained to see and observe.

"One night at the close of the period of probation I was summoned again to appear before the Council of Ten. This time we met in a round room upon the highest floor of the tallest tower of the castle. It was a peaceful evening in the month of June. The outer windows of the room looked out over a waving, whispering mass of leaves and boughs of the great forest. It was a clear starlight night with a gentle south breeze that came with friendly touch to coax one out of doors. The circular room was bathed in the deep light of the castle and glowed and glowed in the huge globes that here hung suspended over the table bearing the signal of the meeting of the council. The purple curtains at the huge open windows floated gently in the summer wind as I seated myself near the table, waiting for the council.

"To the room finally came the fair president, whom I had learned to love and revere. My spirit looked to her with a frank comradeship. Spirit, do I say? Mind, I would have said three months ago. Now I have dropped all my old intellectual pride. Now I grade men by their ability to receive power from the central intelligence or force that impels the action of every moving, living thing of the universe.

"I saluted formally in reply to the gracious bow of the president. Mortimer entered a moment after. He wore a look of sadness as he looked thoughtfully at me.

"'Captain,' said he, 'you are ready to go beyond me in your desire to know. I have kept rigidly to the observations possible to me in the study of the intelligences flashed to me through the globe. I have not sought to free my spirit so that I should become weary of the work we all have to do in this world. None of us here would go so far, but we recognize the individuality of the spirit. It is your right to go on, but you will not be happy afterward, even with us.'

"'Never mind,' I said, 'I could not stop now.'

"Hardly had I said this when there was a loud clap of thunder and a fierce flash of lightning from the perfectly clear sky. The room darkened. The windows fell with a heavy slam. Then the globe began to deepen in its intensity, and as I gazed, the earth, its cares, its miseries and its petty struggles floated away from me. Again I saw all things and the reason for everything. As I looked I seemed to grow in stature. I did not feel that I was a mortal. I had become an immortal, and as such I knelt to no one. I was a part, an infinitesimal part, of the governing whole, an atom of the universal force that animates the world. One thought permeated this new world of flashing intelligence—that of universal love. In its radiance all knowledge was concentrated. I now had my answer to all my queries. Like a song of enchantment came the thought, 'With love everything is possible; without it nothing can be done.' Standing thus upon the border of the unknown—that is, the life I have lived—and the known, the life that is mine for the future, I can see why

everything that has gone before has failed; and everything will fail until love prevails. With what a leap and jump would men progress if this lesson only could be learned!' How long I studied the golden mysteries thus unfolded I do not know. When I came back to myself again the brilliant light in the globe had disappeared and I was alone. I walked down the steps of the tower, as it was now day, but found no one. I walked into Mr. Barnard's room. There I found a note from him saying that he had returned to London, being called upon urgent business.

"As I walked out of the castle I found an Arabian on guard at the outward portal. He saluted and handed me a note from Mortimer. It ran thus:

"'DEAR CAPTAIN HOLZ: We have separated for urgent work. The council will not return for some weeks. Your room here will always be kept for you should you wish to return. I have no advice or suggestion to make to you, as you have now an infallible guide, your freed spirit.'

"Since that day I have slowly wandered back. In London, where I used to have so much pleasure, I found nothing but unhappiness. In meeting my scientific companions, in whom I had been so interested in the past, I found only disgust. Their narrow-minded chatter was absurd. How many centuries will it require for these men to learn how to see and to know?

"The streets of London filled me with hopeless misery—the stream of unhappy faces passing in an endless struggle—for what? The poverty, the wretchedness, the crimes; and oh, worst of all, I now could read the thoughts of all about me. These ignoble thoughts of selfishness, of struggling despair rushing onward toward only a goal of self, filled me with horror.

"Pausing in Trafalgar Square I heard the voice of an orator, and about him gathered a crowd curious to hear. This orator spoke words that stirred my heart. Ah, here was some one who spoke my language; here was some one who was beginning to see, who was alive to hope for a better method of living, based upon mutual aid and kindness; but alas, before I could hear more than the first words,



Drawn by
B. West Clinedinst.

B. WEST CLINEDINST

"AN ARABIAN ON GUARD HANDED ME A NOTE."

blue-coated policemen swept down upon him, and the orator was arrested for disturbing the peace of the queen's subjects.

"In my own country I found even less tolerance. When I talked of the spirit, of love and of mutual aid between men, my former confrères smiled and asked why I did not leave all that to the preachers. When I lectured, I antagonized every one by my upsetting of preconceived ideas, and I soon saw myself in the attitude of the man who has no companions, no one really in sympathy with him, no one who spoke his language. The misery of the world is so great and so needless I see before me a future where all this shall be changed, but not in my lifetime. I shall work, strive and teach as best I may, but I cannot hope to do more than leave a record for future generations to appreciate. My scientific brethren now class me as touched in my head and hint charitable suggestions concerning the method of treatment of my mental trouble that savor of malevolence. But I shall work and work until I have finished my book, entitled 'The Law of Life.' Then I shall return to my friends

(To be continued.)

in the Hartz Mountains to help them as I can. But Mortimer was right. The vista is so long before the hour of accomplishment can come. It is a blessing that the others, enlightened as they are, cannot see as I see the long and weary way of human advancement."

* * * *

Letter of Professor John Lord to Hiram Barnard:

"You of course understand the cause of the disappearance of Captain Holz, which has made such a stir in the newspapers. All attribute his going away to mental disturbance. His colleagues have made haste to say that he has been insane ever since his return from Europe, and that his disappearance means suicide. A cable dispatch from Mortimer Mortimer says that the captain has returned to the Hartz Mountains laboratory, where he will stay until he accumulates the courage to return to the world again, but this latter Mortimer considers very doubtful. Will you see that the trust provision for his family is at once executed?"

JOHN LORD."



HARBINGERS.

BY ALICE W. ROLLINS.

THE sky is pale as the wan sea,
Its blue a shadowy gray;
Fear not; it means for you and me
The coming of the day.

* * * *

The heavens are glorious with gold,
Brimming with crimson light;
Beware! The lovely wings unfold,
Bringing the shadowy night.




NIGHT AND SLEEP AND REST.

BY MYRON REED.

"Sleep after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life,
Doe greatly please."

IN Sunday-school long ago I remember to have heard this read from an ancient book: "And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there." It gave me an unpleasant impression of a country of no sleep, of blazing sunlight, all of the time. There are things pleasant and good, that are not pleasant and good in themselves. They derive their quality from what goes before, and from what comes after. Considered by itself, night is not good. Dr. Hayes writes of the long night in the Arctic Ocean: "The long darkness brought fear with it, and weakness, and seemed at last the shadow of death." The men became bloodless, colorless as potato sprouts in a cellar. Men, dogs and sea-birds, white bear and walrus waited for the first red ray as Robinson Crusoe waited for a sail. They climbed to the summit of the tallest iceberg, and when the thin edge of the sun appeared they cheered it—the flag of life. Considering what the sun does, we do not wonder at sun worshipers. There is no wheat in the field, no play of lambs, no chatter of children or thought of mind or heart's ease without sunshine. Light and heat and motion are one. There is nothing jovial about an eclipse of the sun. Nature seems in a dead faint.

Night is not good in itself; it confuses the order of the day. The traveler stumbles on the highway. It conceals traps, pitfalls and ambushes. Night is the bushwhacker's opportunity. It dims familiar landmarks and headlands, erases the letters on guideboards, and the prairie becomes a pathless sea. The night brings with it a sense of insecurity. It tends to make a brave man a coward. He turns the dog loose, sinks his voice, and walks in the middle of the road. The little girl inquires of her brother, "Ben, have you said your prayers



this morning?" "Oh no, any little boy can take care of himself in daytime."

The gates of Jerusalem are shut at night. If you are outside at sunset you will stay outside with the Bedouins; perhaps they will not do a thing to you. But it is on record that a citizen of Dakota made a gate of Jerusalem open after night. He stood outside and talked Western American with such vigor that the gate opened.

I can see the detail of the regiment for picket duty marching out to their place at the dark, strange and lonesome cross-roads. They go quietly, they walk softly. The story-teller of the regiment is for once silent. He steps on a dead and fallen branch, and it cracks like a rifle.

Until the dark east softens into gray.

Now as the noisy hours are coming—hark!

His song dies gently—it is getting dark—

His night, with its one star, is on the way.

Faintly the light breaks o'er the blowing oats—

Sleep, little brother, sleep: I am astir.

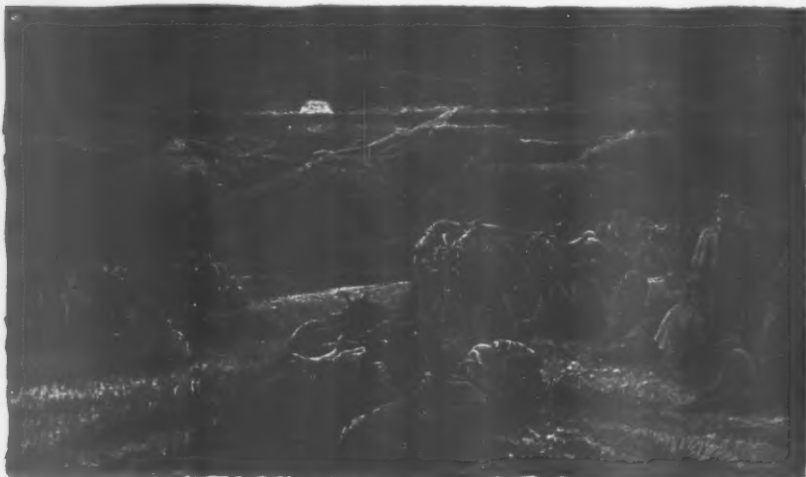
Lead thou the starlit nights with merry notes,

And I will lead the clamoring day with rhyme:

We worship Song, and servants are of her—

I in the bright hours, thou in shadow-time."

An arc light is an assistance to good morals. There are trades to which darkness is a necessity. A burglar must have light; but he is a monopolist. He wants his very own light. There are two sorts of people out at night—a few, only a few, we hope, prefer darkness to light. And there are an increasing number of people who have no choice. Out of doors day



His heart is in the right place, but it is not easy.

Watching by the sick, how unearthly long it is from midnight until morning! Two o'clock A. M. is positively the worst hour to be awake in. The vital forces are at their lowest. The day dawns, the shadows flee away, hope comes back and the invalid thinks he can take a little beef-tea.

It is singular how full of noises the night is. A small cricket can secure and hold the attention of an immortal soul.

"The twilight is the morning of his day.

While Sleep drops seaward from the fading shore.

With purpling sail and dip of silver oar,

He cheers the shadowed time with roundelay,

and night is their wide home. Plenty of out of doors in winter, and hunger and dirt will turn a philosopher into a thief. I hear of a good deal of petty larceny in these cool nights, not for the sake of the thing stolen, but simply for the chance of breaking into a good warm jail. Cardinal Manning, at the age of eighty, announced that a man willing to work and not able to find work, had still a right to live. The human society that compels a tramp to be, is considered by the best heads and hearts to be out of order. Such a state of society needs prompt reconstruction. Such a society the twentieth century will set in order. As things are now, with so many of the disinherited



out of doors, I take the middle of the road at nights and praise arc lights.

But relatively the night has a blessed side. It is a fine contrivance for those who are tired and who know the way to bed. There are things going before night that make it grateful. If God's great book should say, "There shall be no night here," it would sound to most of us like a curse. Night in a measure enforces rest. Perhaps a hard master would work a tired slave longer, but he is not able—the sun is down, the moon is not risen—slave nor master can see. Both leave the field.

When night falls (Victor Hugo says night rises) the mother quail gathers her scared and scattered brood. Pointers and setters and men in tan-colored clothes have left the stubble and corn-stalks and gone home to lie about their shooting. The sun is set, and then you can hear the worried gray mother piping in the cover, "Children, come home" — they gather and she calls the roll of the covey, happy if they all answer. There is safety and peace until morning.

As a rule, toil stops when night arrives—not in printing offices and smelters and mines, nor with engine-drivers—but as a rule night means home and sleep. The child of the factory has been watching broken threads and tying knots and listening to whirling spindles and flying shuttles of over-production. The cool darkness falls like a benediction of God. She has breathed cotton fuzz and smelled oil enough for one day.

The great captain prays for "night or Blucher." There is no gain in night fighting; the bugle sounds truce; the wounded soldier, on whom the sun had no pity, prays for the darkness and the dew. It is said that Joshua had his day of battle extended. Any day of hard battle seems an incredibly long day to a soldier. Perhaps it was an extended day in Joshua's mind. "As a man thinketh, so is he," and to him so it is. Enough is enough; a man cannot be brave for twenty-four hours at a stretch. I have heard in the night a runaway six-mule team stampede a veteran brigade. They had plenty of courage and discipline, but not enough sleep.

It is confessed that St. Peter was brave enough to die for his Master, but he



could not keep awake for Him. He denied Him; but it was about two o'clock in the morning, and his sleep had been broken. He had eaten no breakfast and was cold. It was dark and he was alone; the cause seemed lost and so he said, "What's the use; I go a-fishing." Give Simon Peter Custer's cavalry and daylight, and he would have done the proper thing.

An eight-hour shift is long enough for any kind of work and too long for some kinds. Sleep is imperative—if all sentinels who slept on duty had been shot, trade in Grand Army buttons would be light.

Sleep insists; one can put off hunger and thirst, but not sleep. The tired children of the earth, worn with work, all watch the sun going down and, when he falls like a plummet into the West, are glad.

"The ploughman homeward plods
his weary way."

He goes home and does chores for a few hours and is finally done. The farmer's wife washes the dishes, sets the dough, lights another candle and slips a small gourd down into the battered heel of her husband's sock, and begins to darn. But some time or other the place is dark for a few hours and still.

The night works wonders of healing and reinforcement. The parched corn-leaves unroll. The crinkled wheat straightens. There is dew on the mown grass, and a wearing o' the green. The face of nature is washed and her soul restored for the

trouble of the day. But I find this better said in 1596 by R. Griffin:

"Care-charmer sleep, sweet ease in restless misery,
The captive's liberty, and his freedom's song,
Balm of the bruised heart, man's chief felicity,
Brother of quiet death, when life is too, too long,
A comedy it is, and now an history;
What is not sleep unto the feeble mind?
It resteth him that toils, and him that's sorry;
It makes the deaf to hear, to see the blind."

Telepathy must have been at work in the days of poet Griffin, or perhaps he had been to the theater on a Shakspeare night. His lines remind us of the

"Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care.
Sore labor's bath, balm of hurt minds,
Great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

And perhaps Shakspeare had read the great lines of Philip Sidney:

"Come, sleep! O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low."

Sidney, Shakspeare and Griffin are able to say what we all know. To-night (and the night is cold) I saw a tramp asleep in the stairway of an apartment block. He was protected on two sides of him, but that seemed ample. His face had a contented, serene look. He was asleep and had forgotten "the curse of the wandering foot." He had floated out of sight and sound of his poverty. A little after I met the servant of one of our very best people on his way to wake up the night clerk of a drug store to procure some bromide for his sleepless and tormented mas-

ter. It is not known what made the great man sleepless. Perhaps he had heard that his neighbor was getting ahead of him. "The triumphs of Miltiades suffered him not to sleep."

"Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

I have heard of a book with the title "The Insomnia of Shakspeare." Upon my word, I have not read the book. I think I could have written it myself. Shakspeare speaks so often in praise of sleep that I reckon he was well acquainted with the lack of it. I suppose he had tried the various expedients to woo the blessed and shy thing. He had tried counting sheep jumping over a bar, practised deep breathing, wet his head, and then jammed his head down into the pillow and said improper words. "Blessed be the man who invented sleep; it covers a man all over like a cloak," said Sancho Panza; and many of us say far otherwise than blessed be the people who make a monopoly of the article. There is only enough of sleep fairly shared to go round.

There are compensations. The man who retires at a fixed hour, sleeps seven hours, then rises at a certain minute and shaves himself, is apt to be conceited all the forenoon and stupid all the afternoon.

In these days of hyper-hygiene, if I want to take a nap after dinner, I am told that it is unhealthy to sleep when you want to sleep.

It seems, from his performance, that Shakspeare managed somehow and at some time to sleep. He tried to write and the plot of the play was tangled. He had to clear the boards of a wicked king and queen and Laertes and Hamlet. He did not see how it was to be done; he went and lay down. There is much in that.

I am told in a little book named "Power Through Repose," that when I sit I am to let the chair support me. I am not to wiggle my foot nor drum with my fingers. I am tired—I am to sit, and sit down. It is not necessary at such a time to chew gum. Let the jaw enter into rest. In a district school that I remember, when the time came to follow the master's copy—"Procrastination is the thief of time," each child grabbed his quill pen, and put out his tongue. The whole body and mind worked. There is a more excellent way. We are beginning a journey from New York to San Francisco. We will do well to adjust our minds to the fact that for some thousands of miles we have nothing to do except to live and be agreeable. We do not sit on the edge of the seat and push the train. Let the locomotive get tired. We are not to suffer our minds to go over again a disagreeable





experience of the past.

In Egypt, regret is numbered among forty-two deadly sins. One of their chief commandments is "Thou shalt not consume thine heart." Why tread a painful path twice? We are not to project our minds to the end of

the journey our bodies must make. Life is not long enough to do the same work twice. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and the good thereof also. We never die of the evil of to-day—the real present thing; we survive that and waste away thinking of yesterday's trouble, which has ceased to be, and of to-morrow's trouble, which has not arrived.

Shakspeare laid himself down, and slept, and slept well, and when he awoke the fifth act of *Hamlet* was play to him. He could not write fast enough. It was as a bird flies. We are asked to do something—make a speech at a certain time. It is impossible; but we are polite and we say "Come again in the morning." The speech at night is like the Federal army at Shiloh—it is all there, but who knows where it is? It is a mob. But in time of two days and two nights it begins to look like an army.

The opinion of a vexed and tired man as to the state of a nation or of mankind is of little worth.

I used to watch the driver of six horses. He would have a load of four to seven tons of rock. He knew exactly when to stop and block his wheels. He never let his horses get discouraged. He

would stop them, then ease their hot collars and pat them, let them breathe deeply, then straighten them out and whisper to them—and those tons of rock would go up the hill. If only great emperors and presidents knew when to stop! Pharaoh and Belshazzar, Charles I. and Louis the Magnificent, did not know when to stop. In 1793 poor, ignorant, king-ridden, class-ridden Frenchmen knew more than their drivers. Then came a day when they stopped. They ripped up the Bastille as if it had been wet paper. The man who said "Let the people eat grass" had a wisp of grass in his mouth on his way to have his senseless head chopped off. People who drive have need of much wisdom. I have seen a mule get even with a bad driver. He waited nearly three years and then he planted his kick in the right place. He got more than even. Tired people must be permitted a rest.

One of the great sentences of the Bible is, "So He giveth His beloved sleep." The Hebrew is better: "So He giveth His beloved while they sleep." I remember being on the wrong side of a Southern river, one of a slim garrison of eleven hundred men. In front of us were twenty-five thousand Confederates. I went to sleep thinking of home and Andersonville. When I woke we were a garrison of five thousand men; reinforcements had arrived in the night. There were gunboats on the river, and the flag on the blockhouse streamed defiant.

The boy goes trout fishing and tramps and gropes miles among the hot alders and mosquitoes. Sometimes his hook is fast to a tree-top, sometimes in his trousers, sometimes in his thumb. The flies make him temporarily unfit for Sunday-school, and he avers that when the Catholics persecuted the Protestants, and the Protestants persecuted the Catholics, and all the ecclesiastics were most inventive of torment, they forgot the block-fly. Even the gentle Père Marquette was



much ruffled by this insect. The boy goes a-fishing; he uses up his bait, his oil of tar and pennyroyal; hooks a six-inch chub, and throws away his bait-can and pole and plods homeward, entering the village by a back street. The conceit is all taken out of him. He looks as if returned from the inspection of a purchased and salted mine. He thinks, with a well planted thought, that he will never go a-fishing any more forever. But he eats and sleeps, and strength and hope flow into that boy. The next morning you see him with a new kind of bait again in the hot alders—the night has reinforced him. The exhausted garrison at sundown sullenly lower the flag. In the stillness and darkness, the means of tomorrow's victory march in.

In the Indian mutiny the situation at Lucknow was black.

"Round and round the Indian tiger
Louder yelled and nearer crept."

But when the sun had risen the Indian tiger saw the face of a soldier of the Ninety-third Highlanders and felt his bayonet, and did not yell or creep any more.

Says Goethe: "Human nature possesses wonderful powers and has something good in readiness for us when we least hope for it. There have been times in my life when I have fallen asleep in tears; but in my dreams the most charming forms have come to console and cheer me, and I have risen the next morning fresh and joyful."

A woman said of Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night:" "Ca' that poetry? I've seen that a hundred times." The cares

of the week are folded up and laid aside. The children from their work on the country-side are all come home. It is a pleasant picture, father and mother, children and dog and holy Bible:

"The younger cottagers retire to rest.

The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to heaven the warm request

That He who stills the raven's clamorous cry
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide,
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine
preside."

But that family is in Scotland and Scotland is in the world, and there is death in the world. I notice that Jesus Christ and His kind of people speak of death as a sleep. Jesus said of Lazarus dead, "He sleepeth." And the disciples said, "If he sleep he shall do well." They





were wise; there is nothing better than sleep. "The great want," says Hawthorne, "which mankind labors under at this present period is sleep. The world should recline its vast head on the first convenient pillow and take an age-long nap." Not until we sleep are we aware of the speed of the mind. The bugle sounds "Halt," and the tired soldier lies down face to the earth and sleeps and dreams.

"Sleep on, boy in blue,
And dream the dream through."

In sixty minutes the bugle sounds "Attention" and "Column forward." But in that three-minute dream the boy has gone from Georgia to Michigan, seen his mother and sweetheart and the neigh-

bors, attended spelling-school, and had, in fact, a solid, well-packed twenty days' furlough.

"Death," says Ben Franklin, "is as essential to a man's constitution as sleep."

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep."

"To sleep! to sleep! the long, bright day is done,
And darkness rises from the fallen sun.
To sleep! to sleep!

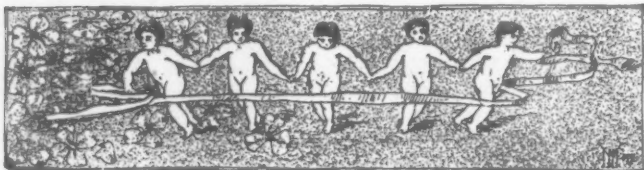
"Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day;
Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away.
To sleep! to sleep!

"Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past.
Sleep, happy soul! all life will sleep at last.
To sleep! to sleep!"

THE NURSLING.

By ELLA F. ALEXANDER.

THE cloudlet lying so softly there
On the mountain's bosom, dark and bare,
Seems a fair baby lulled to rest
On some dark foster-mother's breast.



PILGRIMS.

BY SIR LEWIS MORRIS

SLOWLY against the gradual slope,
Following the morning-light of Hope
With feeble paces slow,
Our childish footsteps go.
From flower to flower we stray
To cheer our upward way,
Till morning draws to noon
And our life's year to June.

And then, while springtime lights us still,
We press, with Youth's impatient feet,
High aims and visions sweet
Against the cloud-capped hill.
Higher we mount and higher
Beneath the tyrannous sun,
Which till the day is done
Burns with unsparing fire.

Ambition beckons from the height
And Pleasure from the pine's cool shade;
Of striving and delight
Our summer life is made.
A little, little while
The hurrying noontides smile,
Till on the summits far—
Lo! the white evening star!

Then our reluctant feet again
Slope down to the forsaken plain;
No more the heights, the skies,
Allure our weary eyes,
But dewy twilights deep,
The tranquil rays of home,
Where ere the nightfall come
Love giveth rest and sleep.

O sacred Love, still at my side
My feeble, faltering footsteps guide!
O blessed presence, still,
Crossing life's difficult hill,
Let thy protecting arm
Save me from hurt and harm!
Guide me, nor let me stray
Alone upon my way.



UDIMENTARY Suggestions for Beginners in Story Writing.

The novel is the modern representative of the epic. During the dark ages the story-teller's art had dwindled from the splendors of classic song into those tales of chivalry and legends of the saints from which sprang the ideal romance of the renaissance. When this had received its death blow from the satire of Rabelais and Cervantes, there rose from its ashes the heroic romance of the seventeenth century, with its tedious dialogues and endless digressions, often extending over thousands of pages. The chief prophet of this school was the famous Mlle. Scudéry, whose ponderous romance, "Le Grand Cyrus," filled twenty fat volumes.

The novel, as it is divided to-day, offers the two schools of the romantic and the realistic. The former treats of life in its extraordinary and unusual aspects, the latter in its common and ordinary phases; the one pictures life as it may be, the other life as it is. When the realism is carried too far, so as to make the story a photograph rather than a picture of life, it ceases to be artistic and becomes commonplace, or in some cases, as in Zola's "La Terre," even repulsive. On the other hand, if the romantic element prevails to such an extent as to contradict nature, the picture offends the artistic conscience.

Because a novel belongs to the romantic school, it does not follow that it may not, at the same time, be intensely realistic, for all fiction that deserves to be classed with the fine arts must be realistic in one sense—that of being true to nature. There are different degrees, as well as different departments of realism and, within these degrees, works of fiction may vary just as paintings may vary from the ideal types of Murillo and Raphael to the intense realism of Hogarth. Scott, a pronounced romanticist, has given us some of the most realistic characters in English fiction.

The one essential character without which no novel can claim to rank as a work of art, is that it shall be a true picture of nature. It may be large or small; a pencil sketch or a painting; a Corot, a Turner, a Rubens, a Claude, or a Titian, but it must be a genuine picture, and not a mere photograph nor an undecipherable hieroglyphic. Its figures may be of heroic size like Meg Merrilles, Brian de Bois Guilbert, Jean Val Jean or Corinne, but they must be living, human figures.

The three principal ingredients of a novel are plot, incident, and character, and by far the most important of these three is character. In fact, while we have a few good tales of adventure, such as "Robinson Crusoe," "Redgauntlet" and "King Solomon's Mines," in which there is little, if any attempt at character painting, no work can aspire to the first rank in our modern school of fiction that does not contain fine studies in human nature. So preëminent is this demand of modern fiction that some of our most successful novels have not plot enough to stock a single chapter of a "penny dreadful," their interest depend-

ing entirely upon the living human figures they set before us. "Pickwick" has not the shadow of a plot, Miss Austen's and Mr. W. E. Norris's pleasant stories have not much more, while "Vanity Fair" has just enough to serve as a stage for the immortal Becky Sharpe to play her part upon.

A common fault with writers below those of the first rank is to produce mere personifications of types, without individuality of their own. We have, for instance, the typical old maid, the typical country gentleman, the typical soldier, politician or man of the world, who sit for their portraits to different authors and with a slight change of dress, play their parts in half the novels of a season. Some authors fall into the kindred error of continually repeating themselves; all of George Alfred Lawrence's heroes are Guy Livingstones in different clothes, and even the clever author of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family" always introduces you to the same set of people transferred to different surroundings.

With the great artists in fiction each character is so thoroughly differentiated from all others of its class as to possess a sort of personal identity. There is Sir Roger de Coverly, for instance; we never think of him vaguely as a country gentleman of the seventeenth century, but as a distinct personality in himself. Thackeray, it is true, never did succeed in painting a good woman that was good for anything, but he was a thorough master in every other phase of human nature. Becky Sharpe, Blanche Amory, and Beatrix, though all women of the same general type, are yet thoroughly discriminated each from the other. While we recognize the family likeness between them there is never the slightest confusion of personality.

In historical novels there is less play for the writer's fancy; he finds his characters ready-made and must take them as he finds them. For this reason, the august personages of history, however well adapted to the purposes of the drama, are not proper subjects for the minute and intimate details of the novel, and Scott, with the true instinct of genius, never makes them the leading characters of his tale.

An interesting point to be considered in this connection is to what extent authors in general model their characters upon types in real life. While the popular idea that every creature of the novelist's imagination has a definite original somewhere among his acquaintance is, of course, egregiously false, it has yet this much of truth, that they are, to a large extent, suggestions from life. Not one person, but half a dozen, often sit as models for the same picture, while the details are filled out by the writer's imagination. There are few people in real life sufficiently interesting or uncommonplace to suit the novelist's purpose, but he must idealize or intensify them before they are fit subjects for art. Dickens intensified to the verge of the impossible, yet we never feel that Dick Swiveller and Sam Weller and Mr. Micawber, and the rest of them, are unnatural; they are only, if I may coin the word, "hypernatural." It is the business of art to idealize. Even at its best art is so inferior to nature, that in order to produce the same impression it has to intensify its effects; to deepen the colors, heighten the contrasts, omit an object here, exaggerate an outline there, and so on, until it has produced the proper picturesque effect. This is the difference between making a picture and merely taking a photograph, and the same figure not inaptly expresses the difference between the romantic and the realistic schools of fiction: the one aims to give us pictures of life, the other, photographs—and sometimes very ugly ones at that.

In the evolution of a plot the main things to be considered are that it shall be reasonably interesting, that it shall not violate probability, and that it shall possess some originality either of subject or of treatment. Not the possible, but the probable, should be the novelist's guide; not the "vrai," to use a happy, but untranslatable French phrase, but the "vraisemblable." For this reason even actual occurrences may be improper subjects for fiction. Nature can take liberties with facts that art dare not—a truth which has passed into a proverb.

The whole field of human activity has been worked over so often that a really

original plot is, perhaps, now an impossibility, and the realistic school has ceased to take much account of it, relying upon piquancy of incident and vividness of local coloring to supply the necessary background for their character sketches. But while admitting that perfect originality of plot is not always attainable, there are some themes so hackneyed—such as the lost will, the glorified governess or the persecuted maiden who turns out to be an earl's daughter—that they would not now be tolerated outside the pages of a "penny dreadful," where, along with haughty duchesses, elfinlocked gypsies and murderous abductors, they have become part of the regular stock-in-trade of the purveyors of back-stairs literature.

The only theme that never grows trite or commonplace is love; and upon this passion, in some of its phases, and too often in its worst phases, the plot of ninety-nine per cent. of all the novels ever published hinges.

This brings us to the difficult question, How far is it lawful for the novelist to touch upon forbidden themes in the pursuit of his art? As long as human life remains what it is, the novelist who would be true to nature must draw largely upon the common fund of human guilt and misery for his materials; but there are forms of guilt which he must always touch with a cautious hand; sores that will bear to be gazed at through the spectacles of the physician, but not through the opera glasses of idle curiosity. To the honor of English fiction, be it said, that with the exception of Sterne, there is not a single English writer of note who has deliberately turned his attention to nastiness for its own sake. It is true, the earlier novelists, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, all reflect the coarseness of their age to a degree that is shocking to ours, but it can be urged in extenuation that they were moralists as well as novelists, and had a lesson to convey in their rude unveiling of human life. To the pure all things are pure, and there is no theme forbidden to the novelist who approaches it in the spirit of a Hawthorne or a George Eliot. I believe Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" to be the greatest ethical romance ever written. Compare his treatment of the relations between Hester Chillingworth and Arthur Dimmesdale with the treatment of similar themes by Zola or Tolstoi, or even by Alphonse Daudet, the greatest living master of fiction, and you cannot fail to perceive the superior effectiveness of purity, even from a strictly artistic point of view. If any one can rise from the perusal of that revolting scene around Anna's sick bed, in Tolstoi's famous novel, without a feeling of disgust and loathing, as if from the stench of a moral pig-sty, he must be as devoid of moral sense as of artistic susceptibility. Art may fill us with anger, fear, terror, awe, but the moment it condescends to excite disgust, it passes out of the realm of art.

With regard to Zola, it will surprise some readers, perhaps, to be told that he sins against art rather than against ethics. He writes with a moral purpose, and a strong one, but he makes the mistake of putting what are really ethical and economical treatises into the form of fiction, where they escape the eyes of the philosophers and economists for whom they are intended and attract a class of readers who are capable only of wallowing in the mud stirred up by his sounding line. It is an offense against art to make the novel serve the purpose of a didactic treatise; and when a man writes a romance for the express purpose of galloping his hobby all through it, he is claiming our attention under false pretenses. The novel, though a fine medium for illustrating and impressing truth, is no instrument for enforcing it, since fact cannot be proved by fiction. A celebrated French author, Octave Feuillet, published a novel some time ago, the object of which was to prove that, while men can get along very well without religion, there is nothing but the fear of the devil that will keep women in order. His hero and a certain learned doctor who figures prominently in the book, are both conscientious agnostics and, at the same time, excellent, high-toned gentlemen, no whit worse, if not a good deal better, than the average church member as we know him. The old physician's ward, a beautiful girl named Sabine, if I remember correctly, has been brought up by him in agnostic principles; but sauce for the gander doesn't prove sauce for the goose in this case, any more than that proverbial

sauce for the goose that we have all heard so much about is said to prove sauce for the gander. Mademoiselle Sabine amuses herself by breaking her guardian's heart, murdering the hero's wife, marrying and then deserting him, besides sundry other little escapades too numerous and too indecent to mention. And yet, notwithstanding all M. Feuillet's fine writing, do not the criminal statistics of all nations tell us that men stand in even greater need than women of the restraining influence of religion?

But while disclaiming for the novel all argumentative force I do not say that it should be without a moral purpose. On the contrary, a novel without a purpose beyond mere amusement can never stand in the first rank as a work of art, but the purpose must not be too obtrusive. We don't like to have morality served us in sugar-coated pills, as if we were afraid to take it straight, and when we detect a deliberate and premeditated design to instruct lurking under a professed engagement to amuse, we feel very much like the injured urchin who discovers a medicinal powder surreptitiously introduced between his slices of bread and jam. We may have no objection to the powder, but we resent being treated like children and having it offered to us as bread and jam. The true artist never thrusts his purpose upon you in this awkward fashion, but it pervades and animates the whole work as the soul does the body. He does not seek to enforce his morality by the vulgar expedient of always rewarding virtue and punishing vice, for he knows that the highest justice does not consist in merely marrying off the good people and sending the wicked ones to the gallows. Such gross methods are both inartistic and immoral; inartistic because we know, as a matter of fact, that virtue does not always get the best of it in this world, and true art must be true to nature; immoral, because a plea for virtue on the principal of mere expediency appeals to the lower instincts of our nature instead of to the higher. The true poetic justice demanded by art is best administered, as in Hawthorne's great romance, by those fine touches that show virtue and vice each as its own reward, and make us feel that to be evil is the only real evil, and to be good the only real good.

E. F. ANDREWS.



THE Month in England.—A glance over the publishers' columns this season fills the mind with awe and amazement. How can any particular book emerge from all this chaos even for a moment, not to say for all time? It is borne in upon one, that for the moment, at any rate, the sale of books depends far more upon organization than upon intrinsic merit; and moreover, that the phrase "reading public" should be replaced by "reading publics." All

this matter is sifted and subdivided infinitely amid heterogeneous publics with discordant ideas and ideals, and it is only to an odd critic like myself that all "The Seven Seas" of literature appeal as fishing-grounds for buried treasure. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whose latest title I have just used, is in no danger of being overlooked. He is, before all else, a poet, and it is one of the felicitous miracles of a miraculous career that even when he writes in verse his sale does not fall off. This is due to the broadness of his genius and the largeness of his themes. He is fortunate enough not to be subtle. His mission seems to be to continue in poetry the lesson Beaconsfield taught in politics—to bring home to the Englishman the consciousness of the greatness of his race. The Jew and the Anglo-Indian could see what the average native is blind to.

"What do they know of England, who only England know?"

Mr. J. M. Barrie, who is to Mr. Kipling somewhat as a microscope to an astronomical telescope, and who manages to see whole worlds in a London stair and a "Sentimental Tommy's" psychology, has turned his highly-polished-lens upon his own mother, in "Margaret Ogilvy," a monument of filial affection in ten

chapters, commencing with "How my mother got her soft face." It needed not this special work to testify to the influence of his mother on the chronicler of "Thrums." Mr. Davidson's ballad of "A Woman and Her Son," in his "New Ballads" suggests a grimmer autobiography. Mr. Davidson still plucks "berries harsh and crude" and is tormented by problems. From his jangling lyre there comes a savage cosmic music:

The earth, a flying tumor, wends
Through space, all blotched and blown
With suns and worlds, with odds and ends
Of systems seamed and sown:
Beneath the sun it froths like yeast;
Its fiery essence flares;
It festers into man and beast;
It throbs with flowers and tares.
Behold! 'tis but a heap of dust,
Kneaded by fire and flood;
While hunger fierce and fiercer lust
Drench it with tears and blood.

But sometimes he touches his strings to a troubadour sweetness, as in the "Serenade" (1250 A.D.). Mr. Conan Doyle has a sympathetic theme, "Rodney Stone," a story of the days of the dandies and the prize-fighters and the stage-coaches, and instinct throughout with the author's own burly, lovable personality. His brother-in-law, Mr. E. W. Hornung, has also scored a success with his stirring romance of convict life, "The Rogue's March." Mr. Lucas Malet, a fine novelist, has made a curious but felicitous experiment in the weird, with "The Carissima," which vaguely recalls Captain Marryat's rattling story of "Snarleyow, the Dog Fiend," though it is quite different. Mr. Shorter's "Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle" has gone into a new edition and is generally assumed to be exhaustive and final. But sojourning among the Yorkshire moors the other day, in the neighborhood of Haworth, I chanced upon a whilom pupil at the Brussels pension in which is laid the scene of "Villette." The lady, who showed me a lock of poor Charlotte's hair (a golden-brown, very soft to the touch), had an air of "I could speak an' I would," in reference to the novelist's supposed passion for M. Héger, which Mr. Shorter dismisses with disbelief. She also read me one of Charlotte Brontë's early essays in French, of a marked English accent. So I suppose when the professor's family (which still objects gravely to be associated with the notorious English novel) has ceased from troubling, the next century may hear further of the matter. Alas! all our biographies and raptures will not bring the Brontës one hour of happiness. In literature we are all cannibals, feasting on our more gifted fellow-creatures. Mr. Joseph Jacobs' contribution this year to the children's Christmas is a lovely work of "Wonder Voyages," richly illustrated by the graceful pencil of J. D. Batten. Mrs. J. G. Nazer, who under the name of Lilly Grove wrote "The History of Dancing," in the Badminton Library, has published, through Macmillan's, two little books for students of French, which are a welcome departure from the conventional school-book, and which will prove invaluable to those grappling with the idioms of that delicious tongue, and will save them from the spiritless Anglicisms of even Charlotte Brontë's school-girl essays; for the authoress of "Scenes of Familiar Life in Colloquial French" and "French Plays for Schools," though now the wife of a Cambridge don, was once a Parisienne. The "Plays" are not remarkable as plays, though they will serve to educate the players; but the "Scenes" are excellent examples of familiar dialogue. Finally I should note that "Q's" new "Poems and Ballads" contain real if scholarly poetry, and that with a "causerie" called "From a Cornish Window," he succeeds me and my "Without Prejudice" in the Pall Mall Magazine. I am grateful to him for making the final pages of that magazine at last readable to me.

I. ZANGWILL.



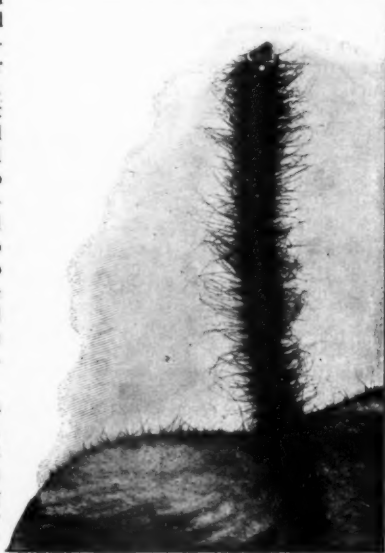
SOME Wonders of Nature—Vegetable Hairs.—

It is not generally known how various are the functions of plant hairs. Recent investigations have added much to our knowledge of them. They may occur on roots, stems, leaves, scales, bracts, or even flower parts. The uninformed observer thinks of them merely as clothing the special organ upon which they are found.

He looks for no deep significance of purpose, if indeed he thinks of any use at all. To be sure, it is often remarked, and with truth, that certain hairs serve to clothe the stem or leaves, and thus insure an equable temperature. We find many alpine and boreal plants mantled with fur. Many buds, too, even in our own climate, show the leaves within enwrapped in some kind of hairy coating. In the wider sense, any epidermic appendages or trichomes fall under the head of hairs. Thus the prickles in the rose or bramble, which come off with the skin, are to be distinguished from thorns, which are of leaf or branch nature. These serve effectively to protect the plant against browsing cattle. The stinging hair of nettles, which secrete a poison, are equally efficacious in repelling attacks. Certain hollow spines in the tropics are inhabited by ants, which, when the plant is disturbed, sally forth for its defense. Their life appears to be bound up with the plant.

Experiment has conclusively shown that if a tangle of hairs or a mat of fur is placed in the way of intruding insects, they will act much as does a chevaux-de-frise to advancing cavalry; the obstacle even an impassable trocha. Hence, numberless small creatures, such as ants and aphides, too weak to transfer the pollen from flower to flower, and thus benefit the plant, are excluded. The hairs are often disposed with down-pointing ends. Even inside the flower, the nectaries are often locally protected by crossed or interlacing hairs.

Glandular hairs, or such as secrete a sticky substance, may, in particular cases, allure insects and then entrap them. But among the many recent investigations in regard to hairs, none are more interesting than those which go to prove that they protect the stomata, or "breathing pores" of leaves from the intrusion of dangerous



STEM OF ELEPHANT'S EAR PLANT.

spores. The stomata, too, are subject to flooding by rain or dew, which would derange or destroy the delicate mechanism. To insure them against so evil a contingency, they are often protected by adjacent hairs, so disposed as to retain air with extreme tenacity. Indeed, it can only be dislodged, in some cases, by employment of the air-pump. This air prevents the entrance of water. In bamboos, and in some grasses, according to Kerner, the upper side of the leaf is smooth dark-green, and devoid of stomata; the under surface, on the contrary, is blue-green in color, beset with stomata, and these are guarded by peg-like projecting hairs. If the leaf is submerged, this under surface glitters like silver, owing to the thin layer of air spread over it. Even vigorous shaking or long-continued submersion fails to dislodge the air!

That hairs serve for the dissemination of fruit and seed, every one knows. We recall at once the thistle-down floating in the summer breeze, the fragile clock of the dandelion and the delicate coma of silkweed. Such hairs may, indeed, become of vast economic and even political importance. One has only to recall the fiber of cotton to emphasize this statement.

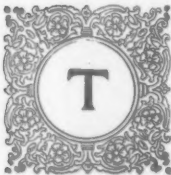
The minute hairs that clothe the root are among the most interesting of all plant organs. They are found somewhat back of the root tip, and are of transient existence; new ones being formed as the thimble-capped root advances. If one tears a young, growing plant from the earth or sand in which it is embedded, it will be seen that numerous particles of earth are brought away by the hairs. Indeed, they adhere so closely as to imbibite the slightest trace or film of moisture from the atoms. They are tubes closed at the ends, and hence do not absorb by capillarity, but by endosmosis, or by percolation through their porous walls. The cell wall acts as a dialyzing membrane, and the moisture of the soil flows through it toward the denser contents of the cells.

Interesting investigations during the past year by the U. S. Agricultural Department go to show that the hairs on the calyx of the crimson clover (*Trifolium incarnatum*) are often fatal to cattle. They mass together and form a ball in the intestines. And, curiously enough, the plant, which is an introduced one, has not been known to be dangerous to cattle in its indigenous home.

WILLIAM WHITMAN BAILEY.



HAIR ON A PALM STOCK.



THE Modern Metallurgy of Copper.—The metallurgy of copper has, in the past few years, been greatly advanced and simplified. The most important and far-reaching modifications have been in the extraordinary extension of the Bessemer principle in copper reduction and of the electrolytic process in copper refining.

By the Bessemer process the impure copper or matte produced by a single smelting is run in the liquid state into a Bessemer converter; air is forced through the liquid, the impurities oxidized and removed, and bar or pig copper obtained by a single operation. At least one roasting and

one smelting, and often more, are thus saved, together with all the fuel and labor involved in these processes. The Bessemer method is now extensively followed at the great mines of Montana and Arizona, also in Colorado.

It is safe to say that the electrolytic process of refining copper is now applied to between one half and one third of all the copper produced in the United States. The electric process separates the gold and silver that may be present in the copper and deposits the copper in a state of great purity. To accomplish this the unrefined copper from the smelter or Bessemer converter is cast into great plates or anodes, weighing three hundred pounds or more; these anodes are suspended in tanks containing a solution of copper sulphate, opposite to cathodes, which are also copper plates, but very thin and consisting of pure metal.

The passage of the electric current in the proper direction gradually transfers the copper from the anode plate to the cathode plate, while all impurities are left behind. The gold and silver which are present in the unrefined copper fall, during the process, to the bottom of the tanks and are afterward collected and separated from each other. Some idea of the importance of this method of copper refining is given by the following facts relating to the Anaconda Copper Mining Company's Montana refinery:

"This refinery, which is one of many in this country, contains twelve hundred electrolytic tanks, each tank requiring about four tons of copper as a charge. The electric energy employed in the deposition is the equivalent of twenty-three hundred horse-power. Since the first day of January last this single plant has turned out over one hundred tons of refined copper daily. There is separated from this daily output of copper about seven hundred pounds of silver and fifty ounces of gold. This refinery treats only about one half of the company's crude copper, the remainder being treated at Eastern works."

The total production of copper in the United States for the first eight months of this year is reported at one hundred and thirty-three thousand long tons; the year's production will amount to about one hundred and seventy thousand tons, of which it may be said that seventy thousand tons will be refined by electricity. The electrolytic copper is generally re-fused before it is suitable for the market. These figures show the wonderful development of this industry, and there are several new works now under process of construction which will still further extend it. The electrolytic copper is not yet graded so high in the market as the Lake Superior native copper.

S. E. TILLMAN.



PHYSICIAN and Patient.—If a man could have unerring

judgment, be entirely impartial and fearless, he would be well adapted to fill a new medical specialty for which there is much need. His work would be, not to diagnose or treat disease, but to give advice as to the selection of physicians. Because there are so many respects in which patients or their friends misunderstand the possibilities and limitations of medical art and science, because they sub-

mit to so much that deserves the term malpractice and, as if to strike an average, demand so much that is absolutely beyond human skill, this article is presented to the readers of *THE COSMOPOLITAN*.

The choice of a family physician is an important matter, yet often made in the most haphazard manner. Remember that your doctor is to occupy almost the place of a member of your family. He will necessarily know most of your private affairs, domestic and otherwise. He is to be the confidant of your wife and, in more than one way, the adviser of your children. First of all, you want a skilful man; second, you need an honorable man; and third, a gentleman. The second and third qualifications are easily tested; as to the first, you can judge only indirectly. Business success is by no means a criterion; the petted doctor of fashionable society is quite apt to be a wily fraud; even the man prominent in his own profession may be lacking in the combination of common sense and scientific

acumen which makes the ideal physician. It is difficult even for one physician to pass a correct judgment on another unless he has been intimately associated with him and has had the opportunity to watch his work closely. Statistics and reports of cures are not a safe basis on which to estimate a physician's abilities, for the most dangerous and inevitably fatal cases tend to seek the highest medical wisdom. If your selection is to be governed by the results of practice, it is far safer to choose the man with the largest death-rate than the one who boasts that he has never lost a case. On the whole, it is a good rule that the physician who has laid a thorough foundation for a medical education has most probably been thorough in the superstructure of purely technical learning, and that the man whose good sense in ordinary affairs is manifest, is likely to display the same judgment in the practice of his profession. A few "don't's" may be in order: Don't choose an intemperate physician; don't choose one who has not the respect of his colleagues; don't tolerate one who is constantly slinging mud at his brethren; don't believe the claims of one who has to hire a hall or a column in a newspaper that the world may learn of his triumphs. On the other hand, don't select a man who is always ultra-professional. The methods of quackery are vulgar, but not so disgusting as the subordination of every instinct and habit to the endeavor to proclaim one's self a physician. Be suspicious of the man who drives a buggy that could not belong to any one but a physician; be doubly suspicious if he always carries a conspicuously professional bag or medicine case. If his high hat, frock coat, beard, gait, manner, and tone of voice are forever spelling out the word "doctor," pass him by for a man who has less time for cultivating professional ear-marks.

In choosing a specialist or consultant, you will naturally be guided by the recommendation of your family physician or by those rumors which, in the aggregate, make up what is called reputation. Some persons have an exaggerated idea of their duty to their physician, and consider it an act of disloyalty to request the advice of another. But "two heads are better than one" and, if your doctor is an honorable and broad-minded man, he will cheerfully acquiesce in your desire to have the assistance of some one of his colleagues. If he becomes offended or assumes an injured air at the hint that he is not the only member of his profession, the sooner his vanity receives a few hard knocks, the better. No self-respecting physician can desire to withhold from his patient any source of aid, or to retain a patient after the latter shows the least disposition to seek advice elsewhere.

The obligation between physician and patient is a mutual one. The latter expects prompt and efficient service, at the sacrifice of convenience, social engagements, and, if necessary, of comfort and health, on the part of the former. On the other hand, the physician has a right to expect prompt and full payment of financial obligations and the consideration of his convenience and recreation when emergencies do not prevent. A failure to observe these courtesies reacts directly on the welfare of the patient. If accounts are delayed, new books and instruments are correspondingly lacking, and some one suffers. If the doctor is consulted, not in office hours but whenever he can be found at home, necessary microscopical and chemical examinations are interrupted and cases are treated with an imperfect conception of their nature. If the physician's rest is broken, night after night, so too is his power of clear and quick thought. If, as happens almost daily in the work of every busy general practitioner, equally imperative summons comes from A, who never sends for the doctor except in haste, and from B, who respects the rights of other patients by habitually stating whether haste is necessary or whether it will answer if the doctor comes "anytime during the morning," or afternoon, the preference is naturally and properly given to B, and, at some time, A is likely to regret his importunity.

The expectations which some persons have from medical treatment are at once flattering and exasperating, amusing and pathetic. I recall one patient who urged that certain asthmatic air-tubes in the lungs should be cut out, and another

who insisted that needed information about the state of the stomach should be obtained by cutting through the abdomen rather than by passing the stomach-tube down her throat. Every doctor has been called upon to render speedy relief and restore to health patients within a few hours of death. Comparatively frequent, also, is the patient who makes an odious comparison between our own small powers of diagnosis and the miraculous ability of old Dr. So-and-so, who "had only to look at me and ask me a few questions, and tell just what ailed me." A physician thoroughly familiar with a person's temperament, physical condition and previous history, can guess very shrewdly at the nature of his trouble and may be quite justified in assuring some nervous individual that he has not typhus fever, which has scarcely visited our country for a generation; or small-pox, against which he has been recently vaccinated, or some other equally improbable disease. But, with such exceptions, the physician who makes a diagnosis without a careful investigation—usually including physical, chemical or microscopic examinations, or all three—is taking heavy risks of being in error, and, if he habitually follows such a course of inaction, he is simply an impostor.

A false idea prevails as to the possibility of assigning names to cases. Terms commonly understood, such as diphtheria, croup, quinsy, bronchitis, pneumonia, etc., are applicable in only about a third of all cases; perhaps another third is covered by purely technical expressions, while the remainder embraces cases so extremely simple or so complex that they must be described rather than named. The attempts of different physicians to translate into simple language the technicalities of medical science often lead to apparent contradictions and to much undeserved criticism. In chronic cases—and these are the very ones which are most apt to apply to a number of doctors—several organs are usually simultaneously involved. Different physicians will naturally locate the disease in one or another of these organs, and, in the attempt to explain the complex relations of one organ to another and to give the patient an understanding of a diseased organ, when he is ignorant of the action of that organ in health, it would be a surprising coincidence if any two doctors used expressions which the patient recognized as identical. Neither is the physician whose tongue is nimblest in finding a name always the one who best understands the disease. Dyspepsia, for example, is a high-sounding title and one which is very satisfying to the average patient; but a physician who really understood the stomach would feel that he was scarcely nearer the mark in using this term than in saying that the patient was sick. Neurasthenia is another dainty diagnostic morsel; but the man who serves it is scarcely wiser than the one who says, "I don't know what to call your trouble, but you are simply worn out and nervously unstrung, and you need a rest."

Fevers usually divulge their nature little by little. The clinical thermometer makes it an easy matter to say whether a patient has a fever or not—mere sensations of heat or "feverishness" are utterly unreliable—but the question immediately presents itself, What kind of fever? To this question, the honest physician at his first visit must usually reply "I do not know," unless he has been summoned after diagnostic symptoms have developed. Scarlet fever cannot be positively diagnosed in less than twenty-four hours, measles in less than three days, typhoid fever in less than five or six days. The dislike to avow even a pardonable ignorance has led some really honest men to use expressions that are misleading and untruthful. Not very rarely, a physician is found who will state that a patient "is threatened with typhoid" but that he hopes "the disease will be broken up." Now the patient is most emphatically not threatened with typhoid; he either has or has not that fever but a positive decision cannot be reached for several days. If, instead of typhoid, the disease happens to be a rather common and not very clearly understood simple fever, the doctor gets the credit of having broken up a case of typhoid, a feat which all the great medical authorities of the world declare themselves unable to accomplish.

Few persons not thoroughly versed in medical art appreciate the true value of medicines. For example, a patient has passed successfully through an attack of

bronchitis, having taken a certain prescription. The common opinion is that that prescription will be "good for" another attack of the same disease, either in the same or in another patient. As a matter of fact, most medicines are given without reference to the disease which is in progress but to produce very limited physiological changes or to control symptoms which may be common to many diseases. There is no disease which can always be appropriately treated by the same prescription and only a very few in which any particular drug may be said to be specific. It will be readily understood that patients of different age, sex and temperament require very different dosage, but leaving this point aside, the prescription which was excellent for one case of bronchitis may be utterly worthless or even harmful in another, while it might be well adapted to certain cases of pneumonia or gastric catarrh or other conditions. Sometimes, the range of adaptability of a drug is ludicrous enough. Thus, a patient suffering from some forms of rheumatism and also from a corn, might be relieved of both troubles by using the same chemical, internally and externally, respectively. Yet other grades of rheumatism or other forms of inflammation of the extremities would fail to respond to analogous treatment. Again, a very efficient, though not ideal treatment of erysipelas was discovered by a careless nurse who applied externally a certain medicine which had long been used internally to support the strength of the patient. However, these are merely coincidences and, for the most part, the limitations of the usefulness of a drug are narrow enough. The same chemical may be obtained from widely different sources. Thus, oil of wintergreen, oil of sweet birch, willow bark or various artificially prepared drugs all contain the same active ingredient and have an almost identical field of usefulness. So it may be that Dr. A's and Dr. B's prescription for a given case may read very differently and yet represent essentially the same treatment.

The successful management of a case of sickness—by the way, let us get rid of that disgusting word *illness* and say *nauseated* instead of limiting the meaning of the good Biblical word, *sick*—is very much like steering a ship. It would be perfectly absurd to suppose that a pilot, in bringing two ships into the same harbor, or even the same ship at different times, would use the same succession of movements of the wheel. So, the physician must manage each case according to its own merits. An old lady, watching the pilot of a boat on a stormy day, complained that he did not seem to know his own mind but kept turning the wheel first one way and then the other. On the other hand, with favorable conditions, a steamer may proceed for miles in a straight line, with scarcely a movement of the rudder. The same disparity of circumstances is found in sickness. In some cases, the physician must hold doggedly to one line of treatment for weeks, yet ever watchful for indications that a change is necessary. Again, the cross currents that influence the heart or kidneys or sudden storms of fever, may necessitate rapid changes in treatment which, to the uninitiated, may give the appearance of vacillation.

In conclusion, continuing the same comparison, it must be borne in mind that tremendous responsibilities devolve upon the physician, responsibilities which are not so much financial as moral. He can no more make restitution for an error than can the pilot who has steered a ship onto a rock. Accurate knowledge, common sense, a clear brain, self-reliance, absolute conscientiousness—all are needed. It is not enough for a physician to do the correct thing. Many a patient has been sacrificed to conservatism and failure to keep abreast of modern progress, yet no one could say that his treatment was unauthorized or wrong. The physician whose practice is the crystallized knowledge of ten years ago, is no more competent than the pilot who has not visited a harbor or river for the same length of time. Select your pilot deliberately, having regard both for his experience and his technical knowledge; then rely upon his judgment implicitly and do not discharge him while he is in active service in conducting a case of disease toward the haven of health, unless for the most weighty reasons.

A. L. BENEDICT, M.D.



Copyright, 1896, by the Carbon Studio.

"LOST IN REVERIE."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY JAMES L. BREESE.



Copyright, 1896, by B. J. Falk.

"WAITING AT THE WELL."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY FALK.



Copyright. 1896, by Rockwood.

"AFTER THE DRIVE."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY ROCKWOOD.



Copyright, 1896, by Baker Art Gallery.

"QUEEN OF NIGHT."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY BAKER.



Copyright, 1896, by the Carbon Studio.

"THE END OF THE CHAPTER."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY JAMES L. BREESE.



Copyright, 1886, by Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.
"THE ORACLE OF THE TEA-CUP."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY JAMES L. BREESE.



"MEDITATION."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY AIMÉ DUFONT.



Copyright, 1896, by B. J. Falk.

"M'LISS."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY FALK.